

E. Griffiths

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[ONE PENNY.]



CHRISTMAS CAROLS ABROAD.

MISS DEVEREAUX'S VACATION.

CONCLUSION.

It was a little singular that, going about his business on the morrow, the very lines he had forbidden René to sing should repeat themselves in the mind of Felix again and again; should spring to his lips in melodious measure, only to be checked a dozen times during the day:

"No dwelling more, by sea or shore,
But only in thy heart."

One afternoon a faded leaf blew across his path and reminded him that summer was at an end. This suggested a train of disagreeable reflections, such as the probable speedy return of the family to town, and the speedy retreat of René to her school-room. These had the effect of causing him to change his course, which had been in the direction of the station, and to return again to René, whom he found shivering over a wood-fire, for the evening was raw, a forerunner of early frosts.

"There's good news for you, Mr. Felix," said Mrs. Bevis, putting down the cream-pitcher and pushing a letter across the table to him. "Your mother writes that she shall return in the course of a fortnight or so, and hopes to find everything satisfactory. But why should under-score that particular sentence passes me," confessed the perplexed matron. "Everything has been satisfactory hasn't it? I'm sure, Mr. Felix, I've done my best, and you and René have seemed to enjoy the summer amazingly!"

"I don't anticipate any trouble for you, Mrs. Bevis," he answered with his light-hearted manner; and then he put aside the little box containing Planchette, which he had been taking down to amuse the boaters, and went to speak with René.

"I'm dreadfully dull to-day," she said, half-smiling; "I've been trying to throw it off as one would a fever, but it won't be so lightly dealt with."

"I've brought a little friend who will exercise it in a jiffy—a little French lady."

"Oh!" said René, who had a feminine horror of strangers generally, "where is she?"

"I'll introduce her after tea; she's a wonderful little body, and will tell you the strangest things. Why, do you know? she told me the other night that I loved my love with an R!"

"Was that one of the strange things?"

"Strange—because it is true."

"I should like to see her," said René, rising and beginning to suspect a joke.

"Which?"

"Both, of course."

Mrs. Bevis had been called down-stairs just before by Keene to superintend some household affair; said Felix, seeing that they were quite alone in the housekeeper's room, took René gently by the shoulder and turned her about before the old-fashioned bevelled mirror of the last century; the fire-light flashed across it and brightened the colour in the cheeks, and lit a momentary spark in the wide grey eyes, and reddened the brown tint of her falling hair.

"What do you see, René?" he asked, looking over her shoulder at the reflection.

"I see a very ordinary little person."

"Speak well of her, if you please, Miss Devereaux, for it is the little person concerning whom you just expressed a curiosity—it is the little person whom I love!"

She staggered somewhat at that, and put away the arms that would have embraced her.

"Oh, I ought to have told you, I ought to have told you," she gasped; and then Keene brought in the tea-tray, followed closely by Mrs. Bevis, and Felix strode to the fire-place and watched the embers whiten and fall till recalled by the odour of crisp toast and fragrant hyson.

There was very little eaten between the two that night; René made-believe sip her tea and broke her toast into crumbs, while Felix played with his fork, made true-lover's-knots of his napkin, and gave Mrs. Bevis some account of a picture he had met with down in town, representing "The lady of Shalott."

"Who is she?" asked the matron, quite innocently, but by no means relieving the embarrassment.

"True enough," he answered, good-naturedly, "who is she? You or your neighbour or René maybe. Any one who is the prisoner of circumstances, whether mental or material."

"A curse is on her if she stay
To look down on Camelot."

That must have been a weird life of hers; seeing hope and youth and love in her mirror, but utterly beyond her reach—as I just now saw you René."

"I think it means that one should be satisfied with one's own work, and not be looking down to Camelot after shadows."

"But I contend that shadows are better than nothing. If I had been the Lady of Shalott, I would rather have seen Launcelot's shadow than not to have seen him at all."

"But the shadow would not have contented you."

"No," emphatically; and after that there was little said except by Mrs. Bevis, who discussed the merits of white and coloured servants, and had it all her own way till the tea-things were removed and Morpheus put in a veto, while Felix set glowering over the red-hot coals, all there was left of the bright wood-fire, and René snipped profiles in paper as if her bread-and-butter depended upon them. Felix had quite forgotten the existence of Planchette, with those pranks he had expected to amuse René; instead, he was wondering what it was she could possibly have to conceal from him—if she had ever been married, if she loved—Dr. Van Eyck, for instance; when suddenly it struck him that it might be as well to ask her, and dissipate or confirm his doubts and fears. He left his seat then, and leaning down over the back of her chair till his cheek almost brushed her own, he whispered, in his most resolute manner: "René, you said just now that you should have told me something. René, I am waiting to hear it."

The hand that held the scissors shook violently and snipped a Grecian profile in two, the cool grey eyes intensified in expression and deepened a shade or two in hue.

"I did not mean to keep it from you," she began, quite calmly: "I was so happy here I forgot it could signify; besides, I had not been used to speak of it to any one; no one would have cared unless—unless—Oh, I should have gone away from you at first; I ought never to have looked at you, spoken to you, thought of you; I should have gone back to my classes at once, and then you would have forgotten me, and—I should have died!"

"Then it is not that you love some one else?" he asked, already relieved, and gathering her in his arms. "I've been a jealous fool, René, for these two hours. When you are my wife, dear—"

But she shook herself free in replying:

"I do not think that will ever happen, Mr. Adriance. I may go mad, but not mad enough to marry. I told you once before that it was in the family; what would you say if I should tell you now that my only brother is in the asylum at—?"

Miss Devereaux's secret was laid bare and she breathed more freely, though only waiting till she should perceive the frost of reserve creep over the manner of Felix, his tone lose its pleading sweetness, his eye lack love and earnestness. But this she was not to perceive.

"Is that all? I should say I'm profoundly sorry, but that very fact renders it more imperative for me to take care you do not follow his example," he answered, possessing himself of her icy hand.

"But I may, you know. Insanity is hereditary. It was a little thing that sent him there, as the world goes; only a cross in love, and—"

"And, René," he interrupted, "do you love me?"

"Oh, you know I do!"

"Then assuredly I must marry you. From humane motives purely, in order to keep you sane. You see, I have won the case." And he gathered her again in his arms, unresisting, and Mrs. Bevis pursued her dreams undisturbed, and the old family clock, that had struck the hour of Felix's birth, went on ticking off the moments of his supremest happiness as composedly as the minutes of any ordinary day in the year; while down at the beach, at that very instant, Mr. Hamilton Hedge was telling Miss Adriance that he had met Felix quite often of late in company with the loveliest woman, by Jove—present company excepted—met them at Central Park, at Delmonico's, looking at pictures, etc., etc.; a girl with great grey translucent eyes, and such a way of using them, by Jove!"

"Ah," says his fair listener, "it must have been Lucia Gascoyne; she is just home from the tour in Switzerland."

"Mr. Hedge knows Gascoyne, and it was not their distinguished traveller."

"Who then? Not Barbara Althrop; she has blue eyes, but one might easily mistake blue for grey."

Mr. Hedge is certain it was not Miss Althrop, and, having no further interest in the matter, proposes that they shall join in the next mazourka which the band is beginning to inaugurate, and immediately they are floating gracefully down the room, as if nothing had happened.

Perhaps it did not much matter, for Felix was too full of happiness to conceal it, only it prepared them for the blow, gave them the vantage-ground, so to speak, when he went down radiant and confessed everything to his stately mother and sister.

"I hope you are not displeased," he ventured, when the tale was ended and he awaited criticism.

"I shall always be glad to know of your true happiness, my dear Felix," replied his mother. "I shall always do my best to promote it."

For, after all, what could she do? Felix was of age, his money was his own, to be wasted on the plebeian, if he chose. What could she do? Well, nothing, perhaps; at least it greatly depended upon the real character of the girl in question; it was of no use to storm to Felix, he was a free agent in the matter, and opposition would only fix his purpose. It was plain there was but one course for her to pursue, and she was resolved to pursue it; but it was not acquiescence.

René had been idly sitting over her work in the housekeeper's room one morning, waiting for Felix, but he had not come; something detained him, that was all. In the meanwhile, since Mrs. Bevis bailed the servants below, René sang softly to herself, looking out at the blue heavens that seemed to wear a smile, at the dead leaves blown up and down by the errant wind in a wild witches' dance, at the doves that cut the sunshine with their tremulous wings; when presently the rustle of silk, and the existence of some heavy odour, drew her gaze inward, to where a haughty, brown-browed woman stood upon the threshold and surveyed her with a questioning gaze. Her heart gave a quick throb at this apparition, and Mrs. Adriance saw, with secret pleasure, that the rose dropped from her cheek as if it had been a mask; that she steadied herself against a chair, as though anticipating a blow.

It was not the way of Mrs. Adriance to dally with whatever ugly business she might have in hand. She went straight to the point now; no sparing of the rod here—no bending or swerving from the original purpose by any such appeals as the steely glitter of fearless eyes, the constriction of colourless lips, the suppressed and painful utterances of a broken voice, a desolated heart. She had a strong will, this Mrs. Adriance, and a powerful eloquence; and when she painted, in no unsympathetic or vulgar terms, the social disparities and distinctions of class, the disasters ensuing from *mesalliances*; and, descending from generalities to personalities, when she entreated the tender woman's heart for generosity towards the man who loved too well for his own peace and prosperity, entreated the beloved to defend her lover against herself, depicted the single-handed combat accruing to one mated out of his rank; when she demonstrated that his love was like a millstone about his neck, which—such is the frailty of poor human nature—might one day grow irksome to him, grow hateful, be cast aside and forgotten; when, waxing terrible in her prophecies, and never once relieving René from the nightmare of her basilisk eyes, Mrs. Adriance at last saw that the victim had surrendered her will, it was then only that she paused a little for breath, and it may be for courage, before dealing the final coup. She well knew that all her fine rhodomontade would be to Felix but so much rubbish; that if society threatened him, he would defy society; that distinctions of class and all that were but a feather's weight in the balance against love and fidelity; that something very different must be brought to bear before he would believe love a failure and fidelity a myth.

There was silence between the two for a little while, during which René seemed only conscious of a subtle, hateful perfume poisoning all the healthy air; only aware of the basilisk eyes still probing her—of a dull sense of something having happened most fatal, of something lost or missed. She heard the housemaid laugh upon the stair, a remote tinkle like the sound one hears in a hollow sphere; her wandering eye, resting on the old bevelled mirror of the last century, paused for the last time to behold again the picture it had revealed one autumn evening, not so long ago as to be counted a thing of the past, when the firelight played upon the ceiling, glittered in the old china on the tea-table, glowed in the eyes of two lovers reflected there—two lovers who would never touch lips again while the breath was warm on both, while the rose revelled on the cheek and love deployed in the eye. She had not observed that Mrs. Adriance in the meantime had risen from her seat and approached her, speaking with an emphasis which René vainly exerted herself to understand.

"And in order that your renunciation shall be an affair not merely of words, you will write to Felix and say to him—of course I comprehend how it is, but one must sacrifice to the utmost now and then; such effort is required of one but once in a lifetime—you will say to him, then, that you have ceased to love him; without this avowal your sacrifice will be null and void;" and she put pen and paper before her to write to Felix. She had never done such a thing, she had never had occasion to do so; there was only one thing in the world she could read say to him, and he knew that, indeed, already; but all the same the unquiet fingers clutched at the pen, and the eyes that had grown dull and opaque since the hour began brightened a trifle at the thought of that knowledge; then the voice of Mrs. Adriance again marred the silence. Mrs. Adriance, who saw events marching "in grand accordance" with her wish.

"And now, as I have some few words to exchange with Mrs. Bevis, I will leave you, certain that your excellent judgment, which has directed you thus far, will not fail you in the sequel;" and she glided from the room, without once glancing over her shoulder, all the purple of her silken robes, trailing about her and shaking out rare perfumes from their shining folds as she went.

It was perhaps three-quarters of an hour later that Felix opened the hall-door and moved to wards the housekeeper's room, humming as he went the familiar forbidden words,

"No dwelling more, by sea or shore
But only in thy heart."

He came in with a light step and a lighter heart, but half-way down the hall he paused through some strange impulse, paused and glanced back; some phantasmal thing, some nebulous lustre seemed to sweep by him on a cold wind, that made him shudder where he stood; or was it but the notes in the sunbeam that fell across his path? It was only the fraction of a second, however, before he stood in the doorway of Mrs. Bevis's room; the idle sunshine mapped out the window-shapes upon the floor, with the pots of flowers; the scarlet geranium blushed deeper in its warm embrace; a late fly buzzed noisily through the room and gave a sense of

summer to the place; and the castle-in-the-air, suspended from the ceiling, swayed slowly to and fro, as if moved by some gentle breath. The picture was very lovely in his eyes, though it was only the housekeeper's room, adorned by her taste and made sacred by her niece. But why did not René speak to him? Why did she sit so still, with her head dropped above her hand? Why did she not even lift her sweet grey eyes to welcome her lover? In a breathing space he had crossed the floor and bent above her. What did it mean, these words scrawled and blurred upon the paper, "I love you Felix; I love—?" This icy hand stiffening about the pen? These waxen lids that refused to lift?

"René! René!" he called; but René did not answer; she was not there.

Miss Devereaux's vacation was at an end.

COURT AND SOCIETY.

The Countess of Derby left town for Knowsley.

The Earl and Countess Stanhope have left their residence in Grosvenor-place for Chevening, near Sevenoaks, Kent.

The Countess of Mount-Edgcombe is, we learn, in extremely precarious health at Cannes.

Viscount and Viscountess Halifax left their residence in B.1. grave-square, on Saturday, for Hickleton, Yorkshire.

The Duke of Richmond has left town for Goodwood Park, Sussex.

The Queen and Royal Family are spending their Christmas at Osborne, where they will remain until February.

The Earl and Countess of Granard are passing the winter at Johnstown Castle, Wexford.

The Marquis and Marchioness of Donegall have left town for Hampstead Marshall, Berks, for Christmas.

The Princess Softkyoff has given birth to a son and heir at her residence, at 11, Eaton-square.

The Right Hon. Gathorne Hardy, M.P., and Mrs. Hardy, have left town for their seat near Staplehurst, Kent, till the next meeting of Parliament.

Lady Elizabeth Hope Vere is in very precarious health at her residence in Park-lane. The Marchioness of Ely, her daughter, is staying with her.

The health of the "Countess of Derwentwater" is said to have received a severe shock, in consequence of the exposure she lately underwent in the lane at Dilton. She is under medical treatment.

We have to announce the death of Lady Rokeby, which took place at Nice. Her ladyship left town a few weeks ago for Nice, as she had been accustomed to do for some years past. The late Lady Rokeby was the eldest daughter of the late Lieutenant-Colonel Thomas Huxley, and widow of Mr. Frederick Croft. She was mother of the late Marchioness of Winchester; the Hon. Magdalen, wife of the Dean of Windsor, &c. She was married to Lord Rokeby in 1826.

The following distinguished persons are wintering at Cannes, which has now become quite an English colony:—Lord and Lady Mount-Edgcombe; Lady Maude Hamilton (Lady Dalkeith and the Duchess of Abercorn are shortly expected to pay a visit to Lady Mount-Edgcombe); Colonel and Lady Emma Talbot, Colonel and Lady Louisa Tension and Miss Tension, Lord and Lady Evelyn, on their marriage tour, en route to Rome; Lady Caroline Turner, Hon. Mrs. and Miss Seymour Bithurst, Lady Arthur Lennox, Misses Lennox, Sir George Grant Sattie and daughters, Colonel Cast, Dowager Lady Albemarle, Mr. and Mrs. Leo Schuster, Mr. Dalzell, Mr. and Mrs. Granville Ryder, Mrs. Ballock, Miss Eden, &c.

THE DRAWING ROOM.

THE FASHIONS.

We have recently remarked some very pretty ball dresses of white tulle trimmed with rolls of satin or with satin ribbon. Many of these could very easily be composed at home, a desirable feature in many cases besides that of economy—for instance, country residents are not always able to command the skill of a good dressmaker, and London residents know too well how often at the last moment the dress fails to arrive.

For the hair, for evening wear, a garland or spray of flowers is placed on the crown of the head against the arrangement of hair behind, and descending each side as far as the ears; in the centre it is full and clustered, it terminates in a single leaf or bud. One extremely large rose is also worn, with a spray end; the rose is placed on the top of the head, the spray hanging over the shoulder. The whole measures twelve or fourteen inches. The end may be allowed to hang, or arranged round the chignon, coil, or plait. Many ball dresses have a large rose similar to those worn in the hair, placed to catch up the tunic on one side, and a few ladies fasten the large rose on one side of the Marie Antoinette *fichu*, the end hanging towards the centre.

A very pretty afternoon dress is a fine serge of a garnet colour. The skirt is edged on the hem by a flounce four inches wide, with a heading of an additional inch: it is bound at both edges by black satin, and a roll of black satin placed over the stitches that sew it on. A tunic is simulated by a frill precisely similar going all round the skirt and raised on one side to within half a yard of the waist, where a rosette secures it. The bodice is a tight fitting jacket with a basque a quarter of a yard deep all round, except behind, where it dips a little. It is covered at the edge with rather large scallops, and trimmed with two rows of black satin narrow bands. In front it is open like a coat, with a very deep collar turned over behind, and deep lapels, trimmed like the basque. It folds over with large buttons. A waist band is bound with black satin. Epaulettes consisting of two scallops on the shoulders are trimmed with two bands of satin carried right across the body from the epaulettes, back and front and lost under the *revers*. The back seams of the jacket are also trimmed. The cuffs of the coat sleeves have two rows of satin ornament. A habit shirt and a little collar is worn. This style is also very pretty in silk or satin.

A dress of violet cachemire is made into three flounces gathered on, one over the other, that at the top with a heading. The tunic is edged with a ribbon frill of the same colour, an inch and a half wide, caught up in five places, so high that each scallop looks like a petal of a tulip or a laurel leaf. At the apex of each scallop behind a very large rosette is seen. Each rosette is made of a violet ribbon pleated round a large knot, and from each hang two large long tassels. The bodice is trimmed with braces made of folds of cachemire, edged with a ribbon frill. At the waist behind is a rosette from whence hang two long ends, equal in width. These are made of a bias band of cachemire, with a ribbon frill each side. They do not hang loose but are secured to the tunic, and encircle under the rosettes at the back. The frill that goes round the edge of the tunic is carried right up the seam at the back to the waist, so that it seems as if the tunic crossed over there. There are five scallops in the tunic, one across the front, one at each side, and two behind. It is also caught up a little on each hip by a large rosette half-way between the waist and the hem. The waistband comes from under the rosette at the back of the waist and fastens with another rosette in front.

The tyranny of dress in Paris is by no means relaxed, neither is the extravagance thereof abated. We read that the Duchess de Sesto recently appeared in a pink satin dress adorned with lace flounces, worth a hundred thousand francs, a sum which the

curious may amuse themselves by reducing to English current coin. These flounces, an heirloom in the family, belonged in the 1st century to her ancestress the Duchess D'Albuquerque, and long ornamented the brilliant assemblies of the Spanish court.

Satin robes are much worn in the city of cities, and are made with one flounce, surmounted by a garland of flowers and leaves of velvet. For instance on a white satin robe is a garland of white dahlias, with ends of pale pink satin, daisies of bright rose colour, with black inerts and crystal diamonds in the heart, and leaves of green, or of gold bullion. Another dress has a garland of yellow jonquils and black fuschias—a flower that might puzzle the prize warders of the South Kensington Horticultural Grounds. As for the tyranny of fashion, we conclude with the following extract from the letter of a French correspondent:—

"I have just been discoursing wisely with a gentleman who should be a judge of theatrical performances if any one is; and he, who has been testing them severely, declares that the Paris theatres are now as dull as a good book. There is no novelty, except, indeed, the dresses; and Worth and L. Ferrière bid fair to supplant the writers of the French stage. As long as you 'strut and fret' in new dresses all goes well; as for the play—that's no longer 'the thing.' Apropos, Worth is awful; and I wonder that some indignant husband or lover buying the trousseau for his 'future' has not administered reproof with a short stick. 'Impossible to dress you if you do not dye to my colour,' he said lately to a friend of mine. She so turned round, cleverly quoted 'Marino Faliero,' and shut up Worth with these words, 'Old man, 'tis not so difficult to dye;' though she declined to do so, even to have a dress from his hands. One day an English lady, *tres grande dame* too, went with her maid to order a dress—no, I suppose I must say costume. Worth, (whom the lady believed to be a German), was extended on the sofa on his back, and never moved when the ladies entered. 'You see, Maria,' said the lady, 'how polite the French are.' Five minutes later Mrs. X—x heard the worthy shopkeeper speaking English like—that which he is—an Englishman, but I think he deserved his fate, though the lady was much annoyed. 'I can make you a dress,' said the autocrat of crinoline, 'but Heaven has already provided you with an impossible figure.' *Quousque tandem?* is the only question I ask."—*The Lady's Paper*.

WOMEN'S DRESS.

UPWARDS of two thousand years ago, the prophet Jeremiah asked, "Can a maid forget her ornaments, or a bride her attire?" And of Greek, of Roman, of Saxon, Goth, or Celt, down to the British matron or maiden of the present epoch, might the same question have been asked in turn, and ever with the same result; no race of women has been exempt from that love of dress which is said to be the ruling passion of the fairer portion of creation.

Early does the love of finery show its incipient buds. The baby in arms is pleased with the showy ribbon in nurse's cap, or the glitter of mamma's earrings. A little later, and the child of the wealthier classes revels in the sight of mamma's ball-dresses; and with the aid of ancient finery, gets up an imitation of her grand toilette; whilst the poorer one struts along the streets with a tattered parasol or a string of beads, followed by a crowd of urchins ragged and dirty as herself, of whom she is at once the envy and admiration. As years roll on, the passion further develops itself; and as in most other matters, we perceive that the injury lies not in the use, but in the abuse of it—in other words, the love of dress (I use the terms technically) may be, if duly regulated, conducive to a useful art in life, though, if uncontrolled, productive of much evil and misery.

Now, as to dressing entirely in the fashion, it is a state of things unattainable, save by the very rich. Few possess sufficient means to follow fashion implicitly through all its changes, to cast aside the garments of the previous season as of no account, or to indulge in the latest fancy of the "modiste." The woman of moderate means who insists upon trying to keep up with the march of fashion, must either spend much more than she can afford to spend, or her whole time must be passed in remodelling old finery to modern requirements. Her whole existence must be one continuous sacrifice at the altar of the varying goddess—a constant tax upon her ingenuity, and what is the result? That she as often looks ill as well. For your followers of fashion seldom pause to consider whether or not such a fashion will suit them; enough that it is fashionable; therefore they blindly adopt it, and becomingness is lost sight of, though becomingness is after all the most essential point, and will give an air of fashion greater than fashion itself can give.

We are apt to forget that most fashions are the result of an attempt to conceal a defect, or to render more apparent some perfection. A votary of fashion, in the upper circles, finds that one fair shoulder is slightly higher than the other—what is she to do? She cannot depress the rising one, therefore she contrives some device whereby the other may be elevated, so that the difference between them shall be less perceptible, probably some epaulette or fullness, that interferes with the sweeping line from the neck to the elbow. Immediately there is a rage for epaulettes, or a peg-top style of sleeve, and many well-shaped shoulders are disfigured for the sake of one defective pair.

Our Madame la Comtesse has a well-moulded arm, and a tight sleeve is the most becoming. Of course, as Madame la Comtesse is leader of the "ton," it is imperative to follow her. The arm of Madame la Comtesse is lost sight of in the sleeve of Madame la Comtesse; no matter if the elephantine arm of stout Mrs. Brown seems threatening to burst the prescribed limits; no matter if the very thin one of spare Miss Jones looks more strikingly meagre. "Qu'importe?" They are in the fashion. What would you have more?

Or a member of the beau monde adopts long waists in order that her excessive height may be less noticed: instantly tall and short devotees appear with long waists, to the manifest disadvantage of the latter, or vice versa, and so on, and so on; every change is adopted indiscriminately, and the eye to a certain degree becomes reconciled. But, as in a well proportioned figure we are deceived as to height, the height seeming to be neither too great nor too little, but just what it ought to be, so, in a truly well-dressed woman fashion never suggests itself; the dress is becoming. It pleases, and the eye reposes on it conscious of an agreeable effect.

Fitness and harmony are the two grand points of dress. By fitness I mean a suitability of dress to circumstances; a style of dress suited to our mode of living. Over-dress is the foible of the age.

There is an old saying, "A place for everything and everything in its place." Let us carry out the idea with regard to suitability or fitness in dress, and we shall find that the dress suited to the occasion is, as a general rule, not only the one for the occasion, but usually the most becoming one also. The navy in its navy's dress is a striking and picturesque specimen of humanity. Would he be improved by a dress-coat of the finest broad-cloth? The jolly yeoman, in his top-boots and corduroys, would be no gainer if invested with the most faultless evening costume. The dress of the English housemaid, if she could but be brought to believe in it, is in its way perfection. The neat, well-fitting print, with close sleeves and tiny white collar, the muslin apron, the jaunty little cap, cannot be improved upon. In vain her ribbons and laces, her flowers and feathers, her cheap showy silk, and bead bracelets. The things do not become her. She is at best but a poor copy of her mistress; often an inferior copy of an inferior original.

Look at the countrywomen in some of our counties, in their striped linsey petticoats, and short, coloured bed-gowns, and say whether their attempts at town-made finery add or take away from their claims to our admiration. I am not sure, after all,

whether a costume is not the perfection of dress—that is, presuming it to be a pretty one. The eye cares less for change than people imagine; variety pleases less in the average than repose. Such an idea will doubtless be looked upon as a barbarism, a retrogression, a tending to keep up the distinction of classes, and now-a-days it is not the regime to stand by one's dress, but to stand out of it. Social progression is the cry. Ah, well! let us take heed that every man is travelling in the right direction to be a "better man" than his father.

From fitness I proceed to harmony; by fitness I meant to imply suitability of dress to circumstances; by harmony, I mean to denote suitability of dress to individuals—that happy adoption of colours and materials, and that right agreement of component parts which produces "one harmonious whole."

Nothing is more to be avoided than incongruity in dress; one part handsome, another part shabby: an expensive dress trimmed with imitation lace; a skirt with half a yard of embroidery surmounting a doubtful pair of boots; a richly-fringed mantle or costly shawl and an old pair of gloves. Some persons place their confidence in bonnets. Given an unexceptionable bonnet, all else, they believe, will pass unnoticed. Delusion of delusions! the perfection of one part only serves to render the shortcomings of another more apparent.

Paradoxical as it may seem, a woman to be the perfection of fashion must be a little out of it. To be dressed in every minute particular according to the prevailing mode only places her on a level with other fashionably-dressed women. Yet as there are but few who can be originators, it follows that the mass must necessarily be imitators; and to these I would say, take heed how you imitate; use your own common sense, and do not indiscreetly follow every model. If you are short, scrupulously avoid anything that is especially becoming to a tall figure. If you are tall, do not increase your stature by following the vagaries of a Lilliputian belle. If you are stout, eschew Zouave and Garibaldi jackets suited only to slight figures. Try to find out what suits you, and when found "make a note of it," after the manner of Captain Cuttle, and don't lose the memorandum. Wear as few colours together as possible; avoid startling effects, and choose colours that harmonise in preference to those that contrast.

There was a great cry out not long since against the immoderate use of ladies' dresses, and it cannot be denied that the outcry was just. Still I believe in the advantage of a moderate hoop, and am tempted to sympathise with the poet who sang—

"While from the hoop's bewitching round
Her very shoe hath power to wound."

We may learn something of the self-assertion (as it were) of art in dress from the fact that it is seldom that a decidedly ugly fashion is repeated. If we look back we shall find that there is some intrinsic beauty in those that are occasionally resuscitated despite the exaggerations to which the folly of the age may subject them. Hoops, which in a modified form I contend to be of advantage, have had their periodical existences for centuries. The Mary Stuart style of head-dress continues ever anon to have its followers; whilst the unbecoming gauze, once worn in the time of Elizabeth Woodville, has never been recalled. Anything that is really pretty rarely looks "old-fashioned." The costumes of "The Merry Monarch's" court will never be anything but picturesque; nor the quilted satin petticoats of our great grandmothers cease to fill us with admiration. —*Cassell's Magazine*.

Wigs are becoming fashionable. At the late theatricals at Compiegne the Roumanian Princess Ghika—handsome and 25—wore a blonde one; and she has such black hair of her own!

The Duchess de Sesto, who has not been seen in the gay world since the death of her first husband, the Duke de Morny, has reappeared on the scene at Compiegne, the same brilliant star she was in former days. The two toilettes which suited best the fair hair and delicate features of her wearer were composed as follows: A tulle dress of the colour known as *cheveux de la Reine*, which matched to a shade the long golden ringlets that fell over the Duchess's shoulders. The skirt was covered with a succession of narrow plaited frills, each headed by a satin rouleau to match. Over this skirt there was a plain tunic, and at each side a sash end edged with white blonde. The second toilette was pale blue poul de soie, bordered with flounces of blue tulle, headed with garlands of roses. Above the first skirt there was a blue tulle tunic, striped with silver, and looped up at the sides with similar flowers.

METHOD OF PRESERVING FURS—Ladies living in cities usually consign their valuable furs to a reliable furrier during the summer months. For the benefit of those who take care of their own furs, we give some advice gathered from the highest authorities. Do not wear your furs late in the spring. On the first advent of warm weather beat each piece separately, whipping it with small rods in order to cleanse thoroughly; then wrap with paper, and place in a paper box made as air-tight as possible and kept in a dry closet. During the whole summer this process should be repeated once in three or four weeks, according to the heat of the season, in order to keep the hair smooth and straight, and to prevent the accumulation of animalcules. This is the only positive preventive. Camphor and cedar trunks are excellent for preserving furs, but even these are only partial mediums, requiring that the furs be aired during the season.

THE CHRISTMAS HOLLY.

BY ELIZA COOK.

THE Holly! the Holly! oh, twine it with bay—
Come give the Holly a song;
For it helps to drive stern winter away,
With his garments so sombre and long.
It peeps through the trees with its berries of red,
And its leaves of burnished green,
When the flowers and fruits have long been dead,
And not even the daisy is seen.
Then sing to the Holly, the Christmas Holly,
That hangs over peasant and king,
While we laugh and carouse 'neath its glittering boughs,
To the Christmas Holly we'll sing.

The gale may whistle, and frost may come,
To fetter the gurgling rill;
The woods may be bare and the warblers dumb—
But the Holly is beautiful still.
In the revel and light of princely halls,
The bright Holly-branch is found;
And its shadows fall on the lowliest walls,
While the brimming horn goes round.
Then drink to the Holly, &c.

The ivy lives long, but its home must be
Where graves and ruins are spread;
There's beauty about the cypress tree,
But it flourishes near the dead;
The laurel the warrior's brow wreaths
But it tells of tears and blood.
I sing the Holly, and who can breathe
Aught of that that is not good?
Then sing to the Holly, &c.

GREY or faded Hair restored to the original colour by F. E. SIMON'S AMERICAN HAIR RESTORER. Price 3s. Sold by most Chemists and Perfumers.—[ADVT.]

THE PEOPLE AND THE RE-ELECTIONS.

THE triumvirate of statesmen who give its character to the present Administration have met their late constituents, and have received from them a renewal of their trust. Neither they nor any of their colleagues, up to the present moment, have reason to complain of the Act of Queen Anne's reign, which compels a member of Parliament to resign his seat on accepting office under the Crown; and the world is indebted to that decried piece of legislation for the interesting and important speeches delivered by Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Bright. Still, the arguments which are employed to show that the principle of the measure has no application to existing circumstances have not been answered. The Crown and the House of Commons are no longer antagonistic powers. Indeed, under the present system of popular and party Government, the service of the Sovereign is the service of the people, and fidelity to party is usually the pathway to office, and is always the condition of its permanent tenure. The Cabinet is practically a governing committee, nominated indirectly by the House of Commons. A man may betray his principles and desert his party for the sake of place; but he is more likely, as things go now, to commit both offences because he has failed to obtain place. The absurdity of a system which would have allowed such men as Lord Elcho, Mr. Roebuck, and Mr. Laing to enjoy the tenure of their seats uninterrupted, while compelling men like Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Bright to resign theirs, is self-evident. A man may be a turncoat and a marplot without being a Minister of the Crown; and he is not likely to be a Minister of the Crown if he deserves either of those epithets. Besides, the member for a constituency, once chosen, becomes the representative, not of that constituency only, but of the entire United Kingdom; and he ought to be ready to take upon himself all the duties for which the Crown, acting upon the opinion of Parliament, may designate him, without depending on the perhaps capricious moods of a particular electoral body. The abuses which the Act of Queen Anne was intended to remedy are now impossible; and the remedy itself has become a source of inconvenience and embarrassment. Medicines which are wholesome counteractives of disease may be pernicious to the healthy.

In the Ministerial re-elections which have taken place, the possible mischiefs of the existing system were not prominent. An air of Christmas cordiality and reasonable good wishes was apparent everywhere. Greenwich in old times was the scene of many State ceremonials and historic greetings, but it seldom witnessed a more interesting spectacle than the first interview between the Prime Minister and his constituents. Mr. Gladstone gave warm and full expression to the gratitude which the generosity and chivalry of the river town has awakened in his mind. The political vagrant, as he chose to call himself, has found a settlement, in Greenwich; and, in the ordinary course of things, it will be a settlement for life. Mr. Gladstone is not likely to sit for any other constituency than that which has adopted him. The Prime Minister and the leader of the Liberal party belongs to Greenwich; and while it is faithful to him he is not likely to be seduced from it. Mr. Gladstone speaks of the circumstances in which he was chosen as unprecedented. In an earlier, though not very distant, period of our history great statesmen, defeated or outmanoeuvred in important constituencies—as Burke at Bristol, or Charles James Fox at Westminster—were able to creep into the House of Commons by the back door of a small nomination or pocket borough, of which a great Whig nobleman held the key. Mr. Gladstone's case is different. He was chosen by a great metropolitan constituency, by a town of historic name, though an illiterate cockney conservatism associates it with nothing higher than shrimps and tea-gardens. He was elected, not because he was defeated in South-West Lancashire, but while the issue of the contest there was doubtful; not as a solace of discomfiture, but in expression of confidence and admiration. Mr. Gladstone's rejection for the great county whose suffrages he solicited is likely to be a step towards the accomplishment of a great reform. It has opened his eyes to the means by which elections are too often won in England; and with a man of his intelligence to see the evil is not to be very far off from the discernment of the remedy. "I have at all times," says the Prime Minister, "given my vote in favour of open voting; but I have done so before, and I do so now, with this important reservation—that whether by open voting, or by whatever means, free voting must be secured." In these words, the ballot, we venture to say, is prefigured as clearly as the reform of Parliament was foreshadowed in the memorable sentences of 1865, and the disestablishment of the Anglican Church in Ireland in the declarations of 1868. Mr. Gladstone explains, in perhaps the weightiest passage of his speech, the *idea mere* of his Ministry. "The study, the idea, that has governed the formation of the present Administration has been to place able and upright men in charge of the public purse—men of administrative experience—men of proved ability—men, lastly, holding seats in the House of Commons, and therefore immediately responsible to the representatives of the people." The appointments to the War-office and the Admiralty, and the re-organisation of the Treasury, are evidences of earnest purpose. The names of Mr. Cardwell, Mr. Childers, Mr. Lowe, Mr. Stansfeld, Mr. Ayrton, and Mr. Baxter, show the skill with which Mr. Gladstone has picked his men for the work which he desired to do. "I for one," he says, "shall be as deeply disappointed as you, if, upon the estimates which it will be our duty to present in February, you do not perceive some results of their opening labours." Let Mr. Lowe take heart. In his monody to the University of London he seems to have given way to the desponding impression that a Chancellor of the Exchequer must necessarily be an odious character. Mr. Gladstone has shown him that the successful tenure of that office may make the statesman who fills it the most popular man in the kingdom; and, in the chief under whom he serves, and in the colleagues with whom he acts, Mr. Lowe has advantages which Mr. Gladstone lacked. On the hackneyed subjects of the Irish Church, the reforms necessary in the Reform Bill, and other questions, Mr. Gladstone could only repeat what he has said a thousand times before, and what after the session of 1869 neither he nor anyone else, we fervently hope, will have occasion to say again. The speech of Mr. Bright at Birmingham is not second in interest and impressiveness to that of Mr. Gladstone. It is a dignified *Apologia pro vita sua*—a candid and fascinating "Chapter of Autobiography."

A FACT.—I have made inquiries of friends who have yours and other sewing machines and find your statements fully corroborated in their experience.—Mrs. J. H. Atkinson, Union-street, Halifax, December 15th, 1868.

Daily testimony is received of the exceeding usefulness of the

silent sewing machine and of perfect satisfaction with its work. Those who have experienced the worthlessness of the cheap hand machines and the troublesomeness of the old noisy, two-thread machines are continually exchanging for this, the only really practicable sewing machine for family use.

A new Illustrated book of 96 pages containing a most complete summary of information in regard to it free and post paid. Machines carriage paid.

Address the Company at 135, Regent-street, W., or 150, Cheapside, E.C.

THE National Progress Benefit Society has put forth a prospectus which seems most favourable to insurers. A certain sum weekly to be allowed to sick persons, members of the society, varying from five to twenty shillings, on payment of weekly subscriptions of very small amount. We have seen nothing of the kind so eligible as this for persons of moderate income.

PLUM-PUDDING.

A CHRISTMAS ESSAY.

By the author of "A Subaltern's Story."

CHARLES LAMB has immortalised himself by writing a dissertation on Roast-pig. Let me be handed down to posterity as the author of a treatise on Plum-pudding. It is impossible to imagine, in the whole range of cookery, a more delicious subject for contemplation. At this festive season of the year—I believe festive is the adjective usually applied to Christmas—it is more particularly interesting. Plum-pudding may be said to be the all-absorbing topic of the day; it is in every body's mouth; nothing else will go down. Peace has been proclaimed: Parliament is not sitting; politics are voted a bore; the Persian war is a myth; and plum-pudding and pantomime reign supreme.

It must not be supposed, however, from this exordium that I wish to detract in any way from the acknowledged merits of roasted sucking-pig. Nothing can be farther from my intention. I share with Elia his amiable weakness, and agree with him, that the flavour of "crisp, tawny, well-watched, not over-roasted, crackling," is incomparable; but I also desire to record my grateful sense of the surpassing excellence of brown, melting, well-made, not under-boiled, plum-pudding.

I institute no invidious comparisons; both dishes have the strongest culinary claims to our distinguished consideration, and a thinking mind will not fail to recognise many inestimable properties that they may be said to possess in common. Rich, tender, and luscious, each may be regarded in its respective course as the *creme de la creme* of gastronomical perfection. The one, like some sweet and touching melody, charms us by its exquisite simplicity; the other is a splendid composition, in which, as in a master-piece of Beethoven, a number of discordant and contradictory parts are, by the touch of genius, harmoniously blended together into a perfect and delicious whole. The one is an infant that reposes meekly in its cradle, and appeals to the best

my business to inquire. At all events, let me do so, as becomes the dignity of an essayist, and view my subject simply as a pudding—a plum-pudding, and "nothing more."

Boil it well. And here let it be understood that I am not speaking of a common every-day amalgamation of flour and raisins, recommended in cookery-books as "light and wholesome;" but that delicious combination of

"Sugar and spice
And all that's nice,"

that comes, like Christmas, only once a year,—the brandy-blazing, blue-burning, holly-crowned, royal British plum-pudding! Let no cook, whether plain or otherwise, approach her annual task without a due sense of the responsibility of the undertaking. Let her reflect upon the awful consequences of any disproportion in the ingredients, or want of skill in their preparation. A whole family may be plunged into agonies of dyspepsia and heart-burning by her carelessness. Well made, a plum-pudding is like mercy—"it bleaseth him that gives and him that takes;" ill made, it is the—no matter; I hope the reader may never experience the sensation.

It is a purely indigenous production, and arrives at perfection nowhere but in England. The foreign artist who rashly attempts its composition, produces either a crude unwholesome mass, as hard and indigestible as a Dutch cheese, or a floating chaos of plums and suet, served up, ye gods! in a soup-tureen. And it not only requires an English cook, but an English digestion. Continental stomachs, accustomed to "airy nothings," like omelettes and soufflés, are utterly incapable of dealing with such substantial, confectionery. No, no; plum-pudding is a purely national dish, and fairly represents the national character. Decked with evergreen, and wreathed in flame, with its treasures collected from every part of the world, it is a fit emblem of Merrie England. Flourishing and powerful, rich, solid, and hospitable, it welcomes its friends, and disagrees with its enemies! a firm ally and bene-factor to those who treat it with moderation and respect; a for-

fellowship? Whoever heard of low spirits and plum-pudding? or ill-temper and plum-pudding or anything else in connection with plum-pudding, but hearty good-will and kind feeling? Directly his jolly brown face is uncovered, winking and blinking his hundred eyes with fun and merriment, and cracking his fat sides with richness and hospitality, every eye brightens, every heart warms; Dick and Harry nod kindly to each other, and forget their little differences over a glass of wine; the old people at the ends of the table look round with affectionate pride at the merry faces about them; and every body is pleased and happy.

But I am verging on the poetical again; let me be calm as I approach my moral.

"Plum-pudding with a moral!" exclaims the reader. Why not? There are sermons in stones. A geologist will hold forth for hours over a pebble. Hamlet picks up a skull, and preaches whole pages upon it. Let my text be a plum-pudding,—an infinitely more cheerful subject, it must be admitted, than Yorick's celebrated head-piece. There cannot be a more perfect illustration of the vanity of human affairs than a plum-pudding. To-day it makes its appearance in all the pride of youth and beauty—the observed of all observers, "cynosure of neighbouring eyes;" to-morrow it is fried. Alas, what a falling-off is there! The next day the sad but wholesome truth is forced upon our minds, that we cannot eat our pudding and have it. Well, well, such is life. It is only a plum-pudding!

J. H. L.

THE MANUFACTURE OF WATCHES AND CLOCKS.—A most interesting and instructive little work, describing briefly, but with great clearness, the rise and progress of watch and clock making, has just been published by Mr. J. W. Benson, of 25, Old Bond-street, 99, Westbourne-grove, and the City Steam Factory, 58 and 60, Ludgate-hill. The book, which is profusely illustrated, gives a full description of the various kinds of watches and clocks, with their prices, and no one should make a purchase without visiting



ARRIVALS OF CHRISTMAS MARKETING IN FRANCE.

feelings of our nature in favour of its youth and innocence; the other stands erect upon its axis in conscious dignity, and commands our admiration by its noble qualities and majestic bearing. In short, one is nature, the other art—both are beautiful.

The illustrious Elia records of the fortunate clothopper, who, by burning down his father's pigsty, originally discovered the transcendent flavour of roast-pork, that, in his first raptures, the showers of blows that were rained upon his head and shoulders by his indignant sire were no more heeded than if they had been flies. But what was the brutal joy of the ignorant Bo-bo compared to the intellectual transports of the gifted creature who first perfected a plum-pudding? I regret to say, that, notwithstanding the most diligent research, I have been unable to ascertain the name of its primary compounder. Whoever the philanthropic inventor may have been, he or she,—for it is only just to give the fair sex the benefit of the interesting doubt,—is entitled to the highest rank among those who have rendered themselves famous in culinary history, from the ingenious cook of Marshal Saxe, who, when the garrison was hotly besieged, made thirty-two different dishes out of a pair of his master's leather breeches, to the benevolent nobleman who gave to the world, through Messrs. Lea and Perrin, the original recipe for Worcestershire Sauce.*

But it is not as a work of art alone that I wish to contemplate a plum-pudding. I claim for my theme a higher purpose than the mere gratification of the appetite; and propose to treat it not only in a gastronomical, but also in a national, commercial, geographical, statistical, social, and moral sense.

First, however, let me look at it in the same matter-of-fact way that Peter Bell looked at the primrose:

"A primrose by the river's brim
A yellow primrose was to him,
And it was nothing more."

Whether Wordsworth's hero would have surveyed a pudding with the same calm indifference as he did the wild flower, it is not

* Vide label on Bottle.

midable foe to such as abuse its goodness and trifle with its power. Again, in a commercial point of view, what a vast impetus must be given to trade, home and foreign, wholesale and retail, by the manufacture of plum-pudding! When we consider that there are nearly thirty millions of inhabitants in these islands, and allowing at a most moderate average one pudding for every ten persons, it is almost awful to think that three million plum-puddings are consumed on Christmas Day in Great Britain and Ireland. The immensity of the idea is positively appalling. Why, if they were all rolled into one enormous ball, it would cause an eclipse of the moon. Imagine, if you can, the shiploads of raisins and currants, the shopfuls of bread, the granaries of flour, the tons of suet, the pyramids of eggs, the heatombs of candied orange-peel, the showers of spice, the mountains of sugar, the avalanches of salt, the seas of brandy, the acres of cloth, the miles of string, necessary to produce three million plum-puddings! The mere enumeration almost takes one's breath away. If plum-puddings were taxed or prohibited in any way, a general bankruptcy must ensue, both at home and abroad. France, Spain, Portugal, the Ionian Islands, Java, the West Indies, Ceylon, Cheshire, Lancashire; the baker, the butcher, the miller, the poultryer, the grocer, the confectioner, the fruiterer, the wine-merchant, the draper,—all are concerned in the concoction of the family pudding, to say nothing of the doctor, who usually makes his appearance next day.

Apart from its culinary excellence and commercial importance, what pleasant associations are connected with plum-pudding! What a succession of happy family-meetings rise up before us, as we call to mind the various Christmas-dinners we have eaten! And if these bright visions of the past are occasionally dimmed by the recollection of a disagreeable ordeal, prescribed as a corrective measure by the functionary last mentioned in the preceding paragraph, the others only shine out the more brilliantly by the contrast. But I am growing sentimental; and plum-pudding poetically treated was not included in my programme.

Can there be a more thorough embodiment of sociality and good

the above establishments or constituting this truly valuable work. By its aid persons residing in any part of the United Kingdom, India or the Colonies, are enabled to select for themselves the watch best adapted for their use, and have it sent to them with perfect safety. Mr. Benson, who holds the appointment to the Prince of Wales, sends this pamphlet to any address on receipt of two postage stamps, and we cannot too strongly recommend it to the notice of the intending purchaser.

DECEMBER HOLLY.

SONG FOR THE MONTH.

MAGIC HOLLY! thou art shining,
Once again about our homes,
Once again thy garlands twining,
Round Old Christmas as he comes.
Ah! the memories that brighten,
Of the early happy days—
Gleanings from the past still lighten,
Holly, round thy corall'd sprays!

Magic Holly! thou art filling
With such depths of tenderness,
Hearts, which olden dreams are thrilling
Almost with the olden bliss:—
Would our hearths again could muster,
All we loved in bye-gone days;
Ah! a whole life's memories cluster,
Closely round thy corall'd sprays.

—Lady's Own Paper.

Really strong and cheap tea is secured by purchasing Horniman's pure tea. It has for the past thirty years enjoyed a preference in all parts of the kingdom.—[ADVT.]

A LITTLE HOMILY FOR CHRISTMAS DAY.

BY THE AUTHORESS OF THE "HOUSE OF RABY."

Of all the days in the year, I love this one the best. It is the day when the whole of Christendom rejoices together in memory of "The birth of Him that no beginning knew."

as Giles Fletcher sang long ago. It is a holy day that makes us feel how all days are holy and precious in the sight of Him who measures them out to us. The smiling babe, and not the cruel cross, is the emblem of this day,—a day that makes the sorrowful take heart again—makes us able to enjoy and to glorify our humanity. Every thing in our common life hath a property of good, which we must find out in the living; and Christmas comes to remind us of that fact. O, we of little faith! Penitential psalms and plum-puddings; sacraments and mere lovers' vows and kisses (sacramental, too, sometimes); the mystic dances of the heavenly host, and the merry mazes of Sir Roger de Coverley, where grandpapa and his three years' darling go the first; the dark cold day outside, and the light and warmth within, which man by "his excellent spirit" hath invented; the solstitial pause and the hush of mundane gain-getting,—all are good and dear to the Life-giver and to the Life receiver. Christmas day is thrice blessed; it is consecrated in faith, hope, and charity. Perhaps our souls stand most in need of hope. Faith we hold more or less firmly, and love we give—as much as in us lies; but hope is hard to keep. We look out over the world and within our own hearts, all seems cold and dark and sad; we cannot see the spring-time coming. We must seek for hope; make her stay with us, and she will show us what virtue there is in being born into this human life. Let hope preside at our Christmas feasts, and then it will be merry; and our new year happy,—yea, though past Christmas,

Hail, Christmas, then, with joyous shout; though he looks stern and old,
His beard, though white, is but a sham—he's only twelvemonths old.
Throw on the mighty log of yule, and let there be no lack,
For he brings blessings for the poor, stored in his bursting pack.
Silently and slowly Old Christmas wanders on—
We scarcely bless the happy time before we find 'tis gone.
But see, behind him, he will leave a rosy-fingered elf—
'Tis the New Year, who grows, too fast, a Christmas like himself.
You can't believe the playful child will turn so soon a sage;
Then have no cause, as you pass on, to blush before his age;
For youth just finds excuse for faults, but still you may depend
That, silently and slowly, they've gathered at the end.

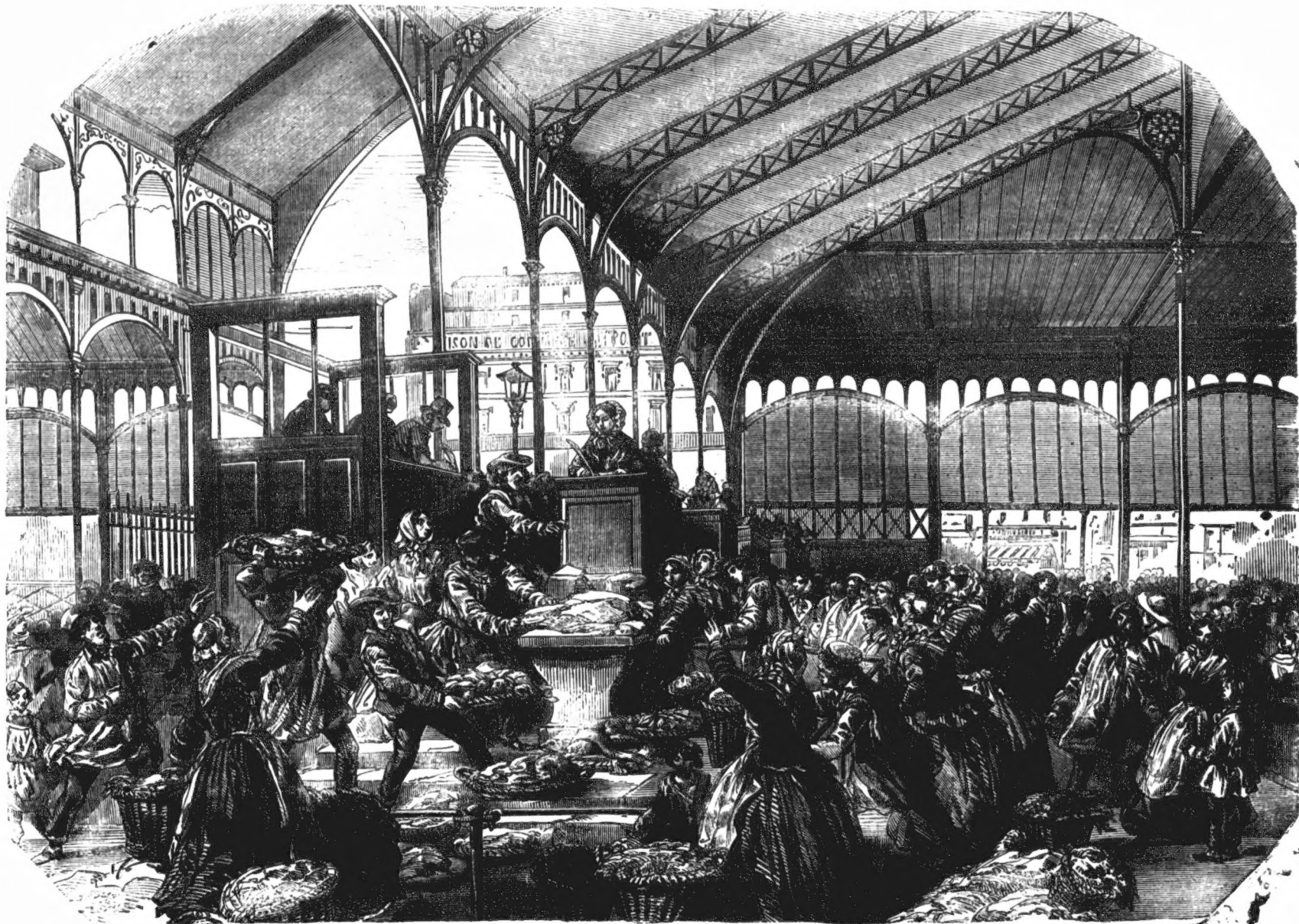
ALFRED CROWQUILL.

HINDRANCES TO MATRIMONY.

AT the season of merry Christmas love is active, and many a heart is lost or exchanged under the mistletoe. Our great contemporary, the *Times*, apropos of the subject, asks:—What are we to do for that very numerous class of women, to whom "position" in one shape or other is the great bugbear that scares from matrimony. Viewing the question with regard to them, the very blessing of education changes itself into a curse. Poor men with small fixed incomes exert themselves laudably to give their daughters—who have more time to spare and less obvious prospects than the sons—the best education in their power. The result is that it all tends directly to raise women above the sphere of life in which they would naturally marry, and indirectly to foster a class that recruits the ranks and chastens and elevates the style of the *lorette*. One evil, as

And bon-bon bags, a mighty store,
Of every texture, every hue;
Of sea-shells brought from many a shore,
The baskets made; and fancy flew
On wildest wings to bring designs,
Into each hopeful, guileless mind.
"On every branch was thickly hung
The works of hope, and love, and joy;
And hand in hand the youngsters clung,
And watched with rapture every toy;
And sparkling lamps, and tapers bright,
Were all about the holly spread,
And such a vision of delight
Was o'er those young hearts never shed,
They danced, they sung, they shouted loud,
They laughed as only children can:
And some were meek, and some were proud,
As round the Christmas-tree they ran.
And out of heaven no sight is seen
So beautiful—from taint so free—
So like what we poor ones have been;
So like the things we hope to be."

BREAKFAST.—A SUCCESSFUL EXPERIMENT.—The *Civil Service Gazette* has the following:—"There are very few simpler articles of food which can boast so many valuable and important dietary properties as cocoa. While acting on the nerves as a gentle stimulant, it provides the body with some of the purest elements of nutrition, and at the same time corrects and invigorates the action of the digestive organs. These beneficial effects



CHRISTMAS PURCHASING IN FRANCE.

and past years whisper dirges within us the while, our one human heart holds many sorrows and many joys, and they learn to live there together. But remember, O my wearied brothers and sisters, that though weeping may endure for a night (this star-lighted night of life), joy cometh in the morning! Amen, and God be with you.

CHRISTMAS EVE.

SILENTLY and slowly we labour through the snow,
And listen to the Christmas bells, that cheer us as we go,
The dead leaves all are hidden beneath the robe of white,
And Christmas decks the gaunt old wood with frosty diamonds bright.

SILENTLY and slowly we labour through the snow—
For friends are gathering in our homes, full thankfully, we know,
The yule log blazes there, as brightly as of old,
And bids defiance to the blast, and all the winter's cold.

SILENTLY and slowly the snowy flakes still fall,
And hide away the autumn's death beneath a snowy pall.
With all its coldness, there is warmth to cherish everything.
Preserving all the verdant wealth to decorate the spring.
Though silently and sternly old Christmas creeps along,
He places love in wounded hearts that meditated wrong.
Each little flake as whirling on, has mission from above,
To join all broken links again in charity and love.

SILENTLY and slowly he hangs the mistletoe,
And all the young girls look aside, pretending not to know.
He places in the arms of age the loved ones of to-day,
Who press them to their loving hearts on their first Christmas-day.

usual, results on another, and the class of women that does not care to avail itself of such invitations to marriage as are likely to come in its way gives the Sybarite of higher rank an excuse that is valid to himself, at least, for declining the sacrifice and trammels of matrimony. Then there are the exigencies imposed by that phantom "social status" the necessity for keeping up arbitrary appearances; the reluctance to risk the parting with comforts that use has made second nature. The great difficulty in dealing with all that is, this sentiment is at the bottom of it, and against that the soundest argument is powerless. This is looking at one side only. What, we might also ask, is to be said to the thousands of men who might, but will not marry?

THE CHRISTMAS TREE.

"For weeks, and weeks, and weeks ago,
They thought of merry Christmas-tide,
And little fingers to and fro
The industrious needle plied.
And little tongues were wagging loud
Of all the wonders then to be,
And little hearts were glad and proud,
And little lips laughed merrily.
And little heads with schemes were full,
And little eyes with mischief bright,
Grew more than ever beautiful,
And filled the house with new delight.

"The banners made, and dollkins drest,
In rich and rare and strange attire,
With stars and spangles on each breast,
Winged angels some—some brigands dire.

depend in a great measure upon the manner of its preparation, but of late years such close attention has been given to the growth and treatment of cocoa, that there is no difficulty in securing it with every useful quality fully developed. The singular success which Mr. Epps attained by his homoeopathic preparation of cocoa has never been surpassed by any experimentalist. Far and wide the reputation of Epps's Cocoa has spread by the simple force of its own extraordinary merits. Medical men of all shades of opinion have agreed in recommending it as the safest and most beneficial article of diet for persons of weak constitutions. This superiority of a particular mode of preparation over all others is a remarkable proof of the great results to be obtained from little causes. By a thorough knowledge of the natural laws which govern the operations of digestion and nutrition, and by a careful application of the fine properties of well-selected cocoa, Mr. Epps has provided our breakfast tables with a delicately flavoured beverage which may save us many heavy doctors' bills. It is by the judicious use of such articles of diet that a constitution may be gradually built up until strong enough to resist every tendency to disease. Hundreds of subtle maladies are floating around us ready to attack wherever there is a weak point. We may escape many a fatal shaft by keeping ourselves well fortified with pure blood and a properly nourished frame." [ADVT.]

"LUXURIANT AND BEAUTIFUL HAIR."—Mrs. S. A. Allen's World's Hair Restorer or Dressing never fails to quickly restore grey or faded hair to its youthful colour and beauty. It stops the hair from falling off. It prevents baldness. It promotes luxuriant growth; it causes the hair to grow thick and strong. It removes all dandruff. It contains neither oil nor dye. In large bottles, price six shillings. Sold by chemists and perfumers.—Dépôt, 286, High Holborn, London.—[ADVT.]

PLACES OF AMUSEMENT.

CRYSTAL PALACE.—Miscellaneous Entertainment. Open at Ten.
ST. JAMES'S HALL.—Christy's Minstrels. Eight.
POLYTECHNIC.—Miscellaneous Entertainment, &c. Open from
Twelve till Five and from Seven till Ten.
MADAME TISSAUD'S EXHIBITION.—Open from Eleven till dusk,
and from Seven till Ten.
ROYAL ALHAMBRA.—Miscellaneous Entertainment. Eight.
ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS, Regent's Park.—Open daily.

THE SIGHTS OF LONDON.

1.—FREE.

British Museum; Chelsea Hospital; Courts of Law and Justice; Docks; Greenwich Gallery; East India Museum, Fife House, Whitehall; Greenwich Hospital; Hampton Court Palace; Houses of Parliament; Kew Botanic Gardens and Pleasure Grounds; Museum of Economic Geology, Jermyn-street; National Gallery; National Portrait Gallery; Patent Museum, adjoining the South Kensington Museum; Soane's Museum, Lincoln's-inn-fields; Society of Arts' Exhibitions of Inventions (in the spring of every year); St. Paul's Cathedral; Westminster Abbey; Westminster Hall; Windsor Castle; Woolwich Dockyard and Repository.

2.—BY INTRODUCTION.

Antiquarian Society's Museum, Somerset House; Armourers' Museum, 81, Coleman-street; Asiatic Society's Museum, 5, New Burlington-street; Bank of England Museum (collection of coins); Botanical Society's Gardens and Museum, Regent's-park; College of Surgeons' Museum, Lincoln's-inn-fields; Guildhall Museum (old London antiquities); Linnæan Society's Museum, Burlington House; Mint (process of coining), Tower-hill; Naval Museum, South Kensington; Royal Institution Museum, Albemarle-street; Trinity House Museum, Tower-hill; United Service Museum, Scotland-yard; Woolwich Arsenal.

THE CHRISTMAS PIECES.

HOLBORN.—The Christmas novelty here is a grand fairy extravaganza, written by Mr. W. Brough, entitled, "The Fairy Roses."

EAST LONDON THEATRE.—The pantomime produced at this house on Christmas eve, is entitled "Aladdin; or, Harlequin and the Bronze Horse," and is from the pen of Mr. R. Soutar.

SADLER'S WELLS.—The pantomime here is founded on the popular fairy tale by Madame d'Aleois, and is called "Queen Lucidora, the Fair One with the Golden Locks; or, Harlequin Prince Graceful, the Carp, the Cow, and the Crow."

NATIONAL STANDARD.—The pantomime at this commodious theatre is called "Tell Tale Tit; or, Harlequin Dickory Dickory Dock," and is written by Mr. J. Douglass, jun. After the usual Goblin scene and a magnificent ballet in the Dryad's Haunt, the pantomime proper begins in the third scene.

VICTORIA.—The pantomime here is entitled "Bluff King Hal; or, Harlequin Herne the Hunter, and the Miller's Daughter of the River Dee." It is written by Mr. F. Marabant, and is plentifully supplied with sparkling melodies, parodies, and selections from the operatic and popular music of the day. Especial care has also been bestowed upon its scenery, dresses, and effects.

SURREY.—"Jack and Jill, and the Sleeping Beauty; or, Harlequin Humpty Dumpty" is the title of the pantomime at this theatre, which is the production of numerous authors. The story and business of the opening was propounded by Mr. W. Dorrington; the libretto by Mr. R. Soutar; the comic harlequinade by Mr. W. Dorrington, Mr. Nelson Lee, and Mr. Nelson Lee the younger; the pantomime arranged and produced by Mr. Shepherd.

HAYMARKET.—Mr. Sothern reappears here in the popular drama of "A Hero of Romance"; Miss Ada Cavendish sustaining the heroine, and Mr. Buckstone resuming his original character of Dr. Luffe; after which a new travesty on Lord Lytton's play of "The Rightful Heir," by F. C. Burnand, Esq., entitled "The Rightful Heir," will be produced, in which Mr. Compton, Mr. Kendal, Mr. Weathersby, Mr. Coe, Miss Ione Burke, Miss Fanny Wright, and Miss F. Gwynne will appear.

ROYAL GALLERY OF ILLUSTRATION.—Mr. and Mrs. German Reed's entertainment was again presented to us on Wednesday, Dec. 23, the opening night of the forthcoming season, when Mr. Burnand's latest production, "Inquire Within," was given. During the absence of Mr. John Parry, Mr. Frank Matthews will take his character, and a debutante of much promise, Mlle. Rosa d'Erina will appear, not only in "Inquire Within," but as the heroine of a new musical extravaganza, which has been taken from the French by R. Reeves, and will be brought out under the title of "The Last of the Paladins."

COVENT GARDEN.—Mr. H. J. Byron supplies the pantomime here, the subject being the immortal "Robinson Crusoe." Here we see the Elf seated in his tiny man-of-war—a nautilus shell—navigating his pearl-clad to the enchanted Island of the Fairy Queen. He is received with terpsichorean honours in a perfectly regal fairy fashion, the ballet being an array of beauty and efficiency. There is a representation of Crusoe on his raft, and his wrecked ship high and dry upon the rocks. Man Friday, with the goat, the dog, the cat, and the parrot. At the same time he receives instruction in the art of pastry making, and makes a great hash of a pie. The cannibals and their king, who, by-the-by, have a singularly strange taste for music, as well as man-eating, have, as we understand, a grand feast in their banqueting grounds.

CRYSTAL PALACE.—The Christmas pantomime this year was produced on Monday, 21st December, to afford the 25,000 season-ticket holders, and schools, and young persons home for the holidays, the opportunity of witnessing it before the great influx of visitors always drawn to the Palace during the first few days of the holidays. The pantomime this year was undertaken by Mr. E. T. Smith, who was assisted by Mr. P. E. Hopkins. The scenery has been painted by Mr. Fenton and numerous assistants. It is entitled, "Harlequin Little Boy Blue," and "Little Bo-Peep who lost her Sheep, and is, as may be supposed, addressed specially to the young folks who form such an important element in the number of visitors to the Crystal-palace on these festive occasions. The scenes are more numerous and varied than have hitherto been undertaken at the palace, and the numerous artists and assistants employed will, aided by the celebrated orchestral band of the company, conducted by Mr. Manns, produce an ensemble which will render the pantomime as attractive as the Crystal-palace as other first-class entertainments so frequently afford there. A variety of other amusements will be provided, commencing to-day. Among the extra attractions Edmond's (late Wombwell's) great menagerie, King Theodore's horse "Hammel," the prize ox, Pulley's circus, &c., will all no doubt come in for their share of patronage. The usual great fancy fair, all of novelties adapted for Christmas presents, will extend the entire length of the two naves. The tropical department, which was closed last Christmas, will be open this year.

PAVILION.—The pantomime here is from the practised pen of Mr. Nelson Lee, and is entitled "Bluff King Hal; or, Harlequin, the Miller of the Dee." We first have the opening in the mysterious abode of Luxury, and this is followed by a view of Fairyland, in which a grand ballet takes place. We then arrive at the Palace of Bluff King Hal. Lord Sinds arrives with despatches, which upset his majesty, who proposes a little gardening to relieve the cares of state. While so engaged, Anne Boleyn arrives followed by her nurse, Mrs. Caudle, wheeling on the Infant Princess in a perambulator. Not seeing his majesty she runs

against him, and he falls and kills the princess. This leads to his majesty ordering the queen for execution. The king now goes on a fishing excursion to the river Dee. Here Young Giles, the miller's man, and Alice the miller's daughter, are discovered courting. The voice of the miller starts Young Giles off to the fields. When the king is tired of fishing, he seeks an interview with the jolly miller, who introduces him to his three daughters. Alice is the one that attracts his attention, to whom he presents a diamond ring. After passing part of the night in revelry, we find his majesty at the chamber window. Giles makes his appearance, and suddenly cracks his majesty's crown, putting him into the water butt. After a scene of consternation we pass on to the Demon Cave, where the sprites, in a mystic revel, suddenly disappear. Their sport is interrupted by the appearance of Calm Content, who changes them to the pantomime characters. Fun now runs fast and furious, introducing the popular hits of the day, till we arrive at the Bower of Happiness and Delight. The first performance took place on Christmas eve.

QUEEN'S.—Mr. William Brough, at this house gives us a magical fairy extravaganza, called "The Gnome King, and the Fairy of the Silver Mine." In the first scene we are introduced to the hitherto unknown Grand Duchy of Tinnpotzstein, the ruler of which, Hardupp the Hundredth, we find lamenting over the poverty of the state. The silver mine, the one sole source of the Grand Duke's revenue, has, it appears, suddenly ceased to yield any of its treasures. He declares that the state would long since have been bankrupt, but for the assistance lent them by a Monte Cristo sort of Russian, one Prince Tom Tiddlerovich, who recently visited the court. This Russian prince is no other than the Gnome King, allowed by the Fates to assume mortal form during certain hours of the day, in order that he may comply with the terms upon which he holds the sovereignty of earth's riches, and upon which his very existence depends. These terms are, that once each fifty years he shall find a high-born maiden who will consent to become his wife—not for any love she may feel for him, but with a sole view to share his boundless wealth. He has fixed upon the Princess Beatrix (daughter of the Grand Duke) for his next matrimonial victim. But she being decidedly averse to "give the hand where the heart can never be," has refused him. The Gnome King accordingly employs his supernatural power, and causes a stoppage of supplies in the silver mine. While everybody is in consternation, a young peasant named Max, who in secret loves the Princess Beatrix, volunteers to go down the mine and find out the cause of the country's troubles. Protected by a charm given him by the princess, he beards the Gnome King in the very centre of his usurped dominion, and after some diverting adventures achieves the victory. The good fairy Argentine is at once restored to her rule over the buried wealth of the earth, and the lovers are of course made happy.

DRURY LANE.—"Grimalkin the Great; or, Harlequin Puss in Boots and the Miller's Son," is the title of the Drury-Lane comic Christmas annual for the present year. The author is Mr. E. L. Blanchard. The first scene represents a hive, in which hundreds of children are engaged to illustrate a throng of bees busily occupied manufacturing honey. The intrusion of a great bluebottle into the hive is seriously resented, but the bees, at the instigation of the queen, agree to spare his life, on the condition that he discloses a plot against their persons and property. It seems two greedy sons of a neighbouring miller have resolved to destroy their hive for the sake of the honey, against the wish of the youngest, Jocelyn (Miss Harriet Coveney), who is therefore to be assisted. The bees punish the elder brothers, and assist the youngest, who is to be supplied with a honey-cake composed of the rarest essences from various flowers. Jocelyn, finding that his cat, the only legacy left him in the memorable will, is desirous of tasting this peculiar delicacy, affords him the opportunity, and Puss thereby becomes endowed with speech. The scene changes from the Mill in Normandy to the Cornfields, where Puss advances the fortunes of his master, and the brilliant victory over apparently adverse fate is gained in the Magician's Castle, where the Cat cunningly persuades the mutable magician to transform himself to a mouse; and then pouncing upon the wizard, gets possession of the castle for his young master, the Marquis of Ocarab. Mr. Irving is the sagacious Cat, Mr. Moreland the King, Miss Kate Harcourt the Princess, and Miss Hudspeth the Queen Bee. Mr. William Beverly, who has painted the scenery, has furnished an elaborate ballet scene, illustrative of Arcadian life, with real water and a brilliant transformation tableau. The harlequinade is supported by a double pantomime company, including Messrs. Harry Boleno, C. Lauri, and Paul Herring.

LYCEUM.—The title of Mr. Smith's pantomime is "Harlequin Humpty Dumpty and Dame Trot and her Cat; or, the Old Woman from Babyland, and the Bachelor who Lived by Himself." As the title indicates, the plot is compounded of various nursery rhymes, and is arranged as follows: Scene 1 is the Enchanted Kitchen of Mother Glass, in which is shown how Mrs. Glass prepared the Christmas dish. We then pass to the Abode of Taste, in which Beauty (Miss Egerton) produces a grand ballet. We are next taken to the Village of Buttercote, in which Peter Piper (Miss Caroline Parkes) makes his appearance, protects a female in distress, and becomes an active member of the Society for Preventing Cruelty to Animals.—Scene the 4th is Peter Piper's Bachelor's Box on the Banks of the River, where Peter loses his supper and receives various strange visitors; receives lessons from the Old Woman from Babyland (Miss Vokes) in the mysteries of brewing and baking; and embarks in a ship bound to the port of Babyland, where a wife awaits his arrival. We are next led to the Cottage of Old Dame Trot, where we are shown what Trot's cat brought from market, how the princess had her fortune told, and of the pleasant introduction obtained by Peter Piper. From this we journey to the Retreat of the Queen Bee, on the Golden Heath, during which are shown the effects of Peter's good nature, the doings of a building society, a house-warming, and a variety of entomological evolutions. Scene 7 is Barley-sugar Palace in Babyland, where the Princess Hushaby (Miss Annie Goodall) rejects the offer of Humpty Dumpty, Prince of the Enchanted Egg Islands, and is in consequence imprisoned in a magic cradle placed on the top of the silver pepper tree. In Scene 8—the Silver Pepper Tree in the Royal gardens—various nursery rhymes are illustrated; the picking of the peck of pepper, the fall of the cradle, and all Humpty Dumpty's accidents, and the vain endeavours of the royal stud. The 9th scene is the Almond Rock on Candy Island, where Mother Glass proves herself a good cook, where the cat catches pepper, and a royal personage gets into hot water. Scene 10—The Narrow Lane without a Turning—affords an opportunity for exhibiting a long bridal procession, unfortunately stopped by an accident happening to the carriage which contains poor Peter's bride. This being remedied by the good fairies attending on this festive occasion, the procession moves on and leads to the grand transformation, invented and painted by Mr. Charles Brew, entitled A Glean of Fairyland. The harlequinade follows.

A BEAUTIFULLY designed sarcophagus, of Greek style, designed by M. Baltard, architect, has been placed over the grave of Ingres in Pere la Chaise. M. Broussieu's bust of the painter surmounts this work.

AN experiment is now being made in Australia in regard to the preservation of fresh meat by a chemical process, founded on a late discovery of Professor Faraday. It consists in freezing it by evaporation; but no exact description of the process has yet been given. Sheep raisers in Australia have subscribed £10,000 to carry on the experiment with, and 300 tons have been shipped to England on trial.

NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All letters to be addressed to the Editor, 13, Catherine-street, Strand.

The Illustrated Weekly News.

(REGISTERED FOR TRANSMISSION ABROAD.)

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 26, 1868.

CHRISTMAS.

CHRISTMAS bells are ringing; full of glad memories in all their sounds. They tell us of the advent of Him who came to succour and to save; and Christian Churches in all lands celebrate the natal day of Him of whom the Angels at Bethlehem announced, "Unto you is born this day a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord." They brought to the Shepherds "glad tidings of great joy," but these tidings are a joy to us, have been so to the Christian Church for nearly 19 centuries, and will be so for ever. Very likely the celebration of the day may be associated with chronological error. We are probably out in our computation by some years. It is also probable that the 25th of December is not the anniversary of the great event, when the infant Deliverer was born in the receptacle for horse clothing, vulgarly called a manger, in a little village of Judea, the name of which is so memorable. But the day of celebration has the same significance, whether chronologically accurate or not, and its opening rays are vocal with the momentous reminiscence, "Unto you is born this day a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord."

This is the day the Lord hath made,
He calls the hours his own.
Let Heaven rejoice and earth be glad,
And joy surround the throne.

Many a sad heart will rest to-day upon his promises;
many a glad breast will exult in his praise—

Joy to the world! The Lord is come!
Let earth receive her king.
Let earth be glad and heaven rejoice,
And men and angels sing.

Yes, Christmas Bells are ringing, and oh, what expectant hearts are throbbing for the embrace of old and dear friends! The friends it may be of long, long ago, when youth could strew with flowers even winter's rugged path. The young love the young, gay spirits bound to-day to meet with kindred souls. This is high festival in England. Our warm English homes are radiant with festal gatherings and social joys. To-day the feast is worthy of the guests in multitudes of English homes, and glad some are they who partake not only of the feast, but the loves with which it is associated.

To-day while Christmas Bells are ringing how many will brood over broken-hearted memories. Those Christmas Bells are like an Irish melody strangely blending joy and sorrow, the very exuberance of mirth, and the sweetest, saddest cadence of the sinking heart. The penitent will weep to-day for the sins of distant years and pray, "O Lord, remember not the sins of my youth." The bereaved to-day will count over and over the relics and mementoes of the gone but never to be forgotten. The lonely will sit and sigh and say,

Seasons and auns return, but when
Shall bypast time come back again?

Oh how it wrings the heart to think of those with whom we spent the merry Christmas, years long gone by. They pile the yule log on the fire no more; they sing not the sweet carol of the closing year, their hymn is sung in heaven. There is no gay laugh beneath the mistletoe; no Christmas gift; no genial greeting; they are far, far away—some on earth, some in the happier world. Well, while Christmas bells are ringing we will look upon their parting gifts—that locket or that lock of hair; the few lines in the scrap-book warm as the glowing Christmas yule; and vivid as the glance of youth and wit and joy and beauty; the love letter! Alas, what sorrowful love one feels for the yellow worn folios of epistles which in youth brought only gladness and grace of feeling.

Ah, hearken! Christmas Bells are ringing; but they not only resound with the joys of millions, they are softly, mournfully eloquent of the memories of the dead. No season so glad, so sad, as merry, mournful Christmas. Those bells seem an invitation to tread the precincts of the grave, where the widowed heart lies with its cold and silent occupant; where at sad intervals parental tears nurture the flowers which seem to bloom where the bloom of a once fairer beauty lies sleeping. Ring on, Christmas Bells! Call us to prayer—we need it in this woe-struck world! Tell us of the deep mysteries of the Christian history; recall the saddening but soothing sorrows of a stricken life; tell us to prepare for social assemblages and happy feasts; we hearken and will obey.

Ring on sweet bells, sweet Christmas bells,
While joys and sorrows fill our hearts,
And every tone some story tells
Of memory that ne'er departs.

And when they are heard by us for the last time, may it be only as an invitation to us to ascend up higher, where beyond "the music of the spheres," we shall be gladdened after all our tears, and toils, and griefs by the music of Heaven. We have no heart for politics to-day—let them rest for a little while; or if "the potsherd of the earth will strive with the potsherd of the earth," let us remember that these Christmas Bells are resonant with the voice of truth, of destiny, and Heaven.

PUNCH tells us that shortly will be published: "Lectures from the Library," a companion series to "Sermons from the Studio;" "Cupid's Box of Lucifers," an interesting sequel to "Love's Matchless Might."

HOME AND DOMESTIC.

THE friends and admirers of Mr. Charles Dickens, at Liverpool, are going to give him a public banquet.

THE Rev. H. Cooke, D.D., LL.D., a divine well known for his work in connection with the Presbyterian church in Ireland, died at Belfast. He was in his eightieth year.

THE special evening services under the dome of St. Paul's will be commenced on Sunday, January 2, when the sermon will be preached by the Archbishop of Canterbury.

THE grocers of Liverpool and Birkenhead passed a resolution a few days ago not to give Christmas-boxes to their customers this year.

THE HINDLEY-GREEN COLLIERY EXPLOSION.—The money already subscribed for the relief of the sufferers by this terrible calamity has reached the sum of £1,540.

In case of a vacancy occurring in the representation of Westminster, Mr. J. S. Mill has, in reply to a correspondent, intimated that it is not his wish again to be brought forward.

THE confirmation of the election of Dr. Tait to the Archbishopric of Canterbury took place in the Church of St. Mary-le-Bow, Cheapside, on Thursday. Six or eight bishops of the province sat with Sir Travers Twiss, the Vicar-General.

THE *Brighton Herald* states that a retired agriculturist is setting up a memorial of Cobden on his own land, about a mile from Midhurst as it is approached from Chichester. The memorial is an obelisk of sandstone, about 30 feet high.

VOTE BY BALL.—The following notice appears in the Notes and Proceedings of the House of Commons:—"Sir H. Bulwer.—To move a resolution in favour of adopting vote by ballot for the future election of members of Parliament."

THE SIAMESE TWINS.—Among the passengers who arrived at Liverpool in the steamer Iowa from New York on Saturday last, were the celebrated Siamese Twins. They were accompanied by several of their relatives and friends.

MR. JUSTICE HAYES, in charging the grand jury at the Liverpool assizes on Wednesday, strongly recommended them to use all the influence which they possessed in their respective neighbourhoods and spheres to diminish the crime of drunkenness.

"NEVER TOO LATE."—The following singular announcement of a marriage appears in a Hull contemporary:—"At Holy Trinity Church, Hull, on the 30th ult., by the Rev. A. P. Bennoch, Mr. Thomas Price, aged 84, to Mrs. Elizabeth Chambers, aged 77."

MESSRS. LAYTON BROTHERS, the Royal confectioners at Windsor, recently despatched to Osborne by command of her Majesty the Queen twenty dozen gingerbread cakes stamped with quaint devices. These cakes, averaged 1½ lb. each, were distributed among the school-children at Osborne as Christmas presents.

THE managers of the Central London School District and the guardians of the poor of St. Pancras have entered into a new contract for the maintenance of the pauper children of St. Pancras at the school at Hanwell; the number of children not to be less than 250 nor more than 300, and the charge to be at the rate of 1s. 6d. per head per day.

THE BALLOT SOCIETY.—At the weekly meeting of the committee, held at their offices, 61, Cheapside, on Tuesday, it was resolved to hold in London at an early date a public meeting of the friends of the ballot, and the secretary was instructed to invite several members of Parliament to take part in the proceedings. It was also resolved to urge upon the friends of the ballot throughout the country the importance of memorialising Mr. Gladstone, and of petitioning both houses of Parliament in favour of the ballot.

SIR JOSEPH NAPIER, ex-Lord Justice of Appeal, and twice Lord Chancellor of Ireland under Lord Derby's government, has been nominated a member of the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council, in the place of the late Lord Kingsdown. The recommendation was made by Lord Cairns, and was confirmed by the present Lord Chancellor of England. It is the first instance of an Irish judge being appointed a member of the Judicial Committee. Nothing can be more disgraceful to Government, or unjust to the Irish people than the utter neglect of their great law authorities.

AN Irish paper tells of a miraculous fall of a Bangor man from a three-story building. While making his descent, the idea occurred to his mind to place himself in as good a position as possible to receive the shock of the termination of his involuntary journey. Accordingly, he kept his arms close by his side, slightly drew up his lower limbs, in order not to alight on his feet, and thus probably shattered his bones; and the result was, his injuries were limited to a few comparatively harmless bruises. A remarkable instance of presence of mind.

A PARAGRAPH has been going the round of the papers to the effect that the wife of a cab-driver, of 35, Prebend-street, Camden-town, has given birth to three children under peculiar circumstances. One was born on the 5th, one on the 6th, and a third on the 8th. If this be so, then there is less difficulty in accepting as true the story told by tradition in the family of Sir C. Palmer, Bart., of Dorset, that the wife of the head of the house, some two centuries ago, gave birth to three sons on three successive Sundays. These three sons all grew up, it is said, and received the honour of knighthood.

MINISTERIAL APPOINTMENTS.—It is announced that the Marquis of Normandy, the Earl of Camperdown, Lord Camoys, Lord Suffield, and Lord Methuen have been appointed lords in waiting to her Majesty. The new treasury board is also gazetted. It consists of the prime minister, the chancellor of the exchequer, Mr. Stansfeld, the Marquis of Lansdowne, Mr. W. P. Adams, and Captain the Hon. J. C. Vivian. Lord Lansdowne will thus represent the treasury in the House of Peers. Hitherto the board has comprised the premier, the chancellor of the exchequer, and three junior lords of the treasury, with seats in the House of Commons.

THE SHOEMAKERS' STRIKE.—The London trades council held a crowded meeting on Thursday night, to investigate the cause of the strike amongst the London ladies' shoemakers, and the grounds on which the present prosecutions for conspiracy were based. It was stated by several speakers that all that had been done by the men charged with conspiracy was to attempt by fair means to induce a certain bootmaker in extensive business to carry out an arrangement as to prices into which he had entered; and it was ultimately resolved that, in case the trial should go against the accused persons, a delegate meeting should be held, in order that action may be taken by the whole of the trade societies.

RESOLUTIONS OF THE MARYLEBONE VESTRY.—"1. That violence and robbery in the streets of London during some time past having greatly increased and assumed a bold and fearless aspect, and the criminals of our own land being added to by foreign depredators, the approaching winter awakens well-grounded apprehensions for the public safety. 2. That whilst fresh burdens have been imposed on the heavily taxed ratepayers for an augmentation of the police, that force, from causes which imperatively demand inquiry, has in no way become more efficient, and the metropolis has not the guarantee for the protection of life and property which it is justified to demand. 3. That a copy of the foregoing resolutions be sent to all the Vestries of the metropolis, and that they be solicited to unite with the Vestry of St. Marylebone in seeking an interview with the Secretary of State for the purpose of stating their views."

THE NEW MEAT MARKET.—The *Telegraph* asks whether it will be believed that the new meat market, built by the corporation of the City with the money, and for the express behoof, of the London people, is closed at eight o'clock on every Saturday night?

And is it possible to conceive anything more absurd, more unjust, more harsh to the humbler classes of the community—for whose accommodation the market was primarily established—than the proposal that those classes, through themselves or their especial purveyors, shall in future be barred and bolted out of the buildings at eight o'clock on Saturdays? Saturday is the working man's especial market night, and Saturday night at a great meat market is the very time of all others when circumstances conspire to favour the thrift of the deserving poor. On the last night of the week the stocks of the great dealers—and sometimes of the small dealers, too—must be sold off or go to waste. Then is the occasion for the tradesman who provides a poor neighbourhood with flesh of beast and fowl, to step in and clear out the lots that else must be wholly worthless on Monday—thus, while securing his own profit, providing for his customers a good dish for Sunday, and a fair supply of meat for the week, at a low rate.

SOME extraordinary cases of extravagance and folly on the part of minors, and reckless credit on the part of tradesmen have lately been before our courts. Two of these cases are especially worth notice. A Mr. Walker was heir to a property of the value of four thousand pounds a year. He was allowed during his minority seven hundred a year—a sum which, according to the plaintiff's ideas of his necessities was a deal too little. In the last year of his minority, the guarantians increased his allowance to one thousand per annum. Mr. Walker fastened his waistcoat with buttons of the value of twelve guineas. He could not keep a cigar comfortably in his pocket, in a case costing less than twenty three pounds. His very betting-books, in which he kept a list of his losses on the turf, cost him four pounds apiece. Pencil cases as the rate of £2 10s.—Another case was that of a Cambridge undergraduate, who was heir to a fortune of seven hundred-a-year. The undergraduate had been supplied, while at the university with an Illustrated Bible, price fifty guineas. When Mr. Walker attained his majority, in addition to losses amounting to twenty thousand pounds on the turf, he owed upwards of four thousand pounds to two jewellers, and upwards of five thousand pounds to a third.

THE BOARD OF WORKS AT A DEADLOCK.—The *Parochial Critic* says the *Times* startled London on Monday by declaring the Metropolitan Board of Works to be in a difficulty arising from pecuniary embarrassment, and that in their case "the deadlock appeared to be singularly complete." The peculiarity of the case is, says our contemporary, "that while the board cannot bring its means to a level with its expenditure it is equally at a loss in bringing its expenditure to a level with its means." That is the case with all spendthrifts. Warnings have been sent to the board in vain, and the ratepayers have thoroughly made up their minds that the board shall remain in "a deadlock" for money. The drainage of London was the work entrusted to the board, and they interpreted it in a double sense. The ratepayers bore with it too long. The "obligations" did not "grow"—they were taken by the board. What a struggle there was with the City a short time since, as to who should build the new meat market. How readily they undertook the fire business, street making, and park planning. And all this on the strength of a sewer rate. They snatched the embankment from the conservators of the Thames, and have discounted the coal and wine dues. Parochial taxation is so great, that the remedy suggested by the *Times*—an improvement rate—would not be tolerated by the ratepayers. It is as well that should be understood at once. In fact it has already been tried unsuccessfully. The vestries take their stand upon this: if London—the growth of centuries—is to be "improved" in one generation, the nation must do it—they won't.

METROPOLITAN TAXATION.—At the meeting of the Metropolitan Board of Works, a most important statement was made by Sir John Thwaites, the chairman of the board, in reference to the taxation imposed by the board upon the metropolis. He said that it had been stated that the board had recklessly squandered the money entrusted to their care, and also that the board was in a state of bankruptcy. This statement had no foundation in fact, and was untrue. The powers of the board for taxation were unlimited, and as long as they had the security of the public rates guaranteed by the Government, their credit in the public market must stand good. When this board was established, it had a debt of £500,000 imposed on it by the old commissioners of sewers; the first transaction of the board cost it £4,200,000, and this amount was borrowed on the security of the main drainage rate. Of this sum £1,030,000 had been repaid, leaving a liability of £3,170,000, which would be liquidated out of the main drainage rate of 3d. in the pound before 1898. This debt was secured by a Government guarantee. For the purpose of the Thames Embankment, £3,380,000 will have been borrowed by the 1st of January next. £480,000 has been repaid by her Majesty's treasury out of the coal and wine duties. This loan was secured by a Government guarantee on the coal and wine duties. On account of the Fire Brigade, a loan of £30,000 had been contracted. The outstanding liabilities amounted to £1,264,575, towards which £103,000 had been invested in the funds. The interest payable by the board during 1869 will be £54,114 10s. Supposing the metropolis to be an estate with a revenue of £16,000,000, the mortgages of the board would represent a charge equivalent to about four months' rent. The estimates of the board's expenses for 1869, amounting to £215,146 11s. 7d., was then presented, but after a long and somewhat personal discussion, the consideration of the estimates was adjourned until after the Christmas holidays.

ACCIDENTS AND OFFENCES.

A fatal colliery explosion is reported from Wigan. The number of deaths has not been ascertained, but it is feared that six men have perished. Five others are severely burned, and in one case it is expected that the injuries will result in death.

AGRARIAN OUTRAGE.—Mr. Morgan Rotherham was fired at while driving from Virginia to Athboy, county Meath. A slug passed through his hat. Another slug struck Mrs. Rotherham in the forehead, wounding her severely; it glanced off, or it would have killed her. The outrage was agrarian.

A LITTLE TOO STRONG.—A woman "met with her death the other day at Tunbridge Wells through drinking vitriol and water," and the Coroner's jury returned a verdict of "accidental death" on the supposition that she had mistaken the mixture for gin. Considering the composition of a good deal of the gin sold at public houses, we are not sure that the mixture can be said strictly to have been "mistaken" for gin, as it is often sold for it.

AN inquest was held at Nunhead respecting the death of a woman named Candy. The evidence showed that the son of deceased took a gun and went out of the house to shoot a sparrow. The sparrow flew away, and the lad placing the gun under his arm turned back to the house. Just as he did so the gun slipped, and the charge exploded, entering the breast of his mother, who had at that instant appeared at the door. She died in a few minutes. A verdict of accidental death was returned.

AN inquest was held by Mr. Bedford, the coroner, on the body of a woman, aged 36, named Mary Anne Yeates. Deceased was a lady's maid, but was out of a situation. This circumstance preyed on her mind, as she feared she would not be able to allow her mother a trifle which she always contributed towards her support, and she further feared that if she obtained a situation she should not be able to keep it. On Saturday morning she threw herself into the Thames, near Millbank, and though rescued in a short time could not be recovered. The jury returned a verdict of found drowned.

HORRIBLE TRAGEDY NEAR STOCKPORT.—A horrible tragedy

was enacted at Marple Bridge on Saturday night. About ten o'clock, James M'Donnell, James Nally, and five or six other Irishmen, were drinking at Mr. Bennett's the Greyhound Inn, Marple Bridge, M'Donnell and Nally quarrelled. M'Donnell pulled out a knife and stabbed Nally in the neck, destroying the windpipe and severing the jugular vein. This was on the Derbyshire side of the river. Nally ran to get medical assistance on the Cheshire side, but his strength failed, and he was a corpse in less than a quarter of an hour. M'Donnell was taken into custody and conveyed to Stockport county police-station by Sergeant Milington and Constable Leatham, where he now lies.

THE ROBBERY OF A TRAIN AND OUTRAGE ON A GUARD.—This robbery and outrage, perpetrated on Friday night, while the 7-15 train from Liverpool to Birmingham was nearing the latter town, has caused a great sensation amongst the railway officials. The amount of money carried off from the railway van is not yet exactly known, but it must be considerable, as it consisted of the day's receipts of the different stations between Penkridge and Birmingham. The liquid used to blind the guard was creosote, and it acted so effectually that he saw nothing of the robbers or the robbery. One of the company's servants, named Bagnall, was arrested on Saturday, and at a house occupied by him the sum of £27 in cash was found. He said the money belonged to the Plate-layers' Society, of which he was treasurer. The magistrate remanded him. The guard is likely to lose the sight of one eye.

THE ATTEMPTED MURDER OF A SERVANT-GIRL.—James Ireland, twenty years of age, was indicted at Manchester for wounding Margaret Jackson with a poker, with intent to murder her.—The prisoner and the prosecutrix were fellow-servants in the employ of Mr. Ireland, a clergyman, living at Oldham, and had been very good friends up to the 25th of September last. At that time they were left alone to clean the house, and while going on with the work the girl was suddenly attacked by the boy. He beat her about the head with a poker, inflicting thirteen serious wounds. Though badly hurt she was able to escape to the cottage of a gardener who lived near. Ireland made no attempt to stop her, and seems to have gone to the cellar and tried to cut his own throat. Before and since the occurrence his conduct has been strange, but the prison surgeon did not think that he could be said to be in an unsound state of mind. He was found "Guilty" of wounding, and sentenced to five years' penal servitude.

JOHN BRIGHT AT COURT.

THE following clever caricature is from the *Manchester Free Lance*.

A sensational story about the reception of the "Great Commoner" by the Queen and the Princess Royal has been "going the round." Any such personal allusion to the mere size of the "commoner" in question carries its own condemnation, but we have exclusive and authentic information of what really occurred when the plain John went down to Windsor to receive the mantle of Milner Gibson. Her Majesty remarked that "she had heard with regret that Mr. B. had spent several sleepless nights lest he would not be 'received' in his usual tasteful attire. There was no objection in the least that he should 'kiss hands' or let it alone in his customary apparel." A certain broad-brimmed hat, bearing in the interior the initial letters J. B. had been left in the hall, but with this exception J. B. made his appearance in his usual neat costume, and was formerly received by the Queen. "We've heard a great deal about you Mr. Bright," remarked her Majesty, "and we're glad to see you—very." "Thy kindness is very marked, friend," replied John. "We hope you will work pleasantly in your new seat at the Poor Law Board." (Mr. Gladstone whispered to Her Majesty—he did indeed)—"oh, yes, just so, the Board of Trade." "I trust," said the worthy minister, "I shall be at thy liking, friend." "These receptions are usually very absurd things, you know," continued the Queen, "perhaps I ought to ask you to dinner, but I really don't know whether you may not have some conscientious objection." "Friend," replied John, "I never dine." "Dear me," rejoined Her Majesty, "how very extraordinary. Now you'll be careful not to quarrel with Robert Lowe, won't you?" "Friend, thou may'st rely on me," replied the right honourable quaker. He then took his leave in a manner the reverse of which is usual at Windsor; but it was noticed that he was much impressed by Her Majesty's affability, and we are assured, upon the honour of a tailor, that he has ordered a new Court suit to be in readiness for his next visit to the castle.

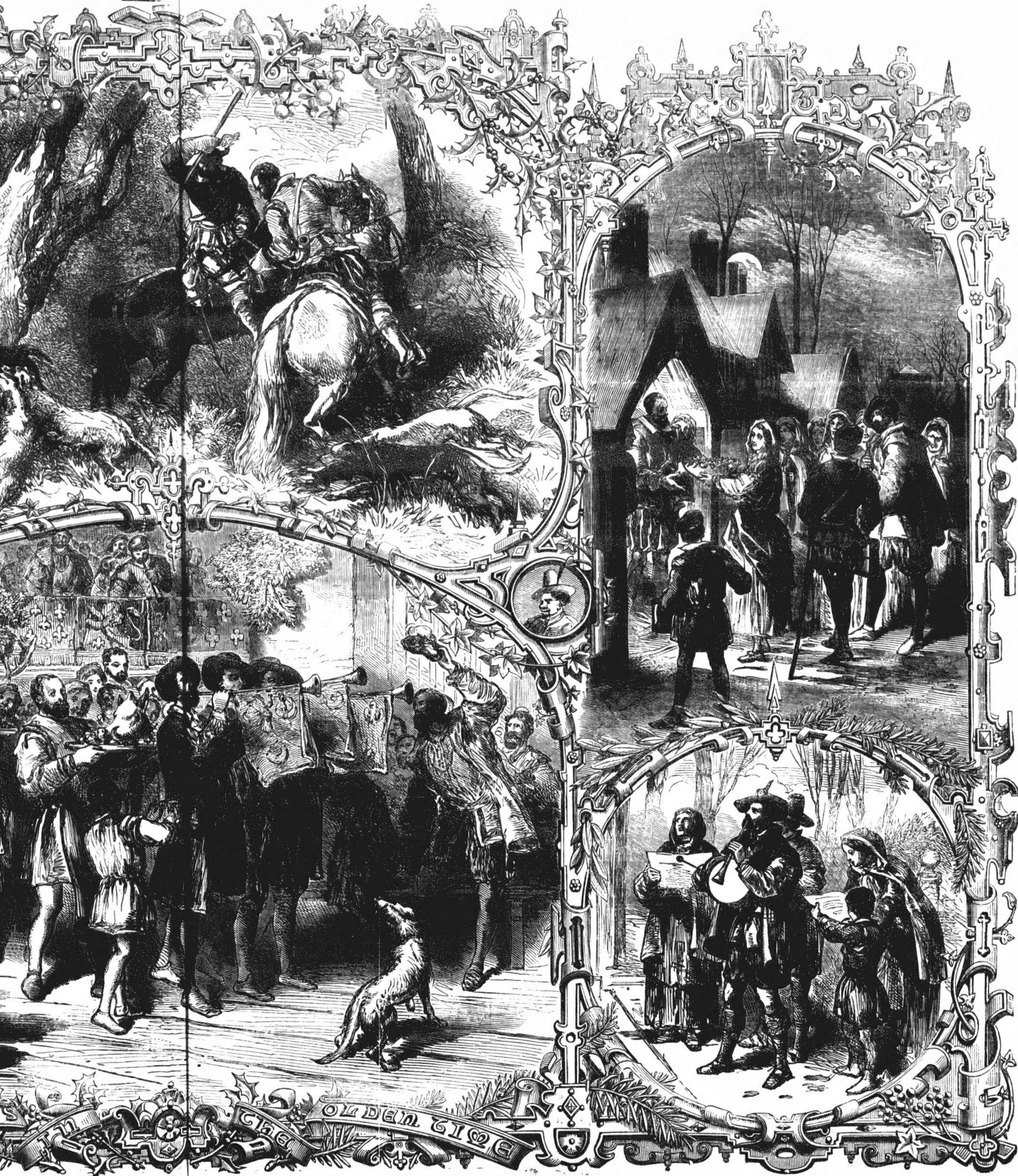
Mr. Bright was now shown into the boudoir of the Princess Royal of England, who ran to meet him, extending both hands. "Oh! Mr. Bright, I'm so very, very glad to make your acquaintance," she said. "I have positively read all your speeches (aside—oh, what a dreadful fib!) and I must compliment you on the kind way in which you always speak of my dear mamma." "Really, your Royal Highness—no, I mean friend—really friend, thou art a nice young person. Dost thou know that a great man once said that wherever your Royal—no, wherever thou wastest thou sheddest a ray of sunshine on the path?" "No! really now Mr. Bright," laughed the Princess, "what a pretty little speech. I do like you so much. We shall make a courtier of you at last, depend upon it." "No, oh no, your Royal Highness—friend I mean," rejoined the new minister, quite at his ease, "I shall never be a courtier, never. But I do like the sensation. I do, indeed. May I kiss thy hand?" "Oh, Mr. Bright!—well, if you wish it"—and he did, positively, the Crown Prince of Prussia saw him do it, and he means to do it again, and he don't care who knows it. Why should any man, be he quaker or priest, object to kissing the hand of one of the best of women? Why indeed! Oh no! John is not such a fool as all that. Go on and prosper, John. You will be more used to it next time, and it isn't such an awful sin after all, is it?

WHAT THE LUTE BROUGHT.

THE artist played on his well-loved lute,
Till all around was hushed and mute.
For he breathed forth notes so sweet and clear,
That men and women wept to hear.
And he sang of life and of human lot,
Till song and singer were both forgot.
And each one thought within his breast,
Of the thing on earth he loved the best.
The painter thought of his growing fame,
And the work that would bring him an endless name.
The poet was trembling with heaven-born might,
And he prayed for strength to use it right.
The scholar was dreaming of heights to climb,
And knowledge snatched from the gulfs of Time.
The priest like a saint, sat calm and grey,
And prayed for the soul that was passing away.
The maiden was thinking of books and friends,
And of fair green paths with unknown ends.
The lover, he walked in Paradise,
By a sweet young face, with its clear blue eyes.
The father groaned, for he saw once more
A soldier's grave on a foreign shore;
But the mother looked to heaven and smiled
As she thought of her infant, angel child.

PAN, in *Aunt Judy*.





MUSIC AND THE DRAMA.

GAIETY THEATRE.

THE new theatre in the Strand was opened on Monday night to the public, under the leasehold and management of Mr. John Hollingshead.

The house was crammed in very part with a fashionable and discriminating audience. The opening piece was a one-act opéra, entitled "The Two Harlequins," written by M. Jonas, an amateur French composer of some note, "Les Bleus," a piece in which Mdlle. Nilsson created great effect last year, being among his many productions, although M. Jonas's name is associated with great success in his smaller and lighter works. The opéra is supported by two principal characters—Harlequin (Mr. C. Lyall), and Columbine (Miss Constance Loseby), and a chorus. The main incidents turn upon the discovery of a plot of Harlequin after a separation of six years, to return in disguise to Columbine and test her fidelity; the lady being forewarned of the fact welcomes her former lover in a very strange manner, and in revenge for his slight of her honour, imposes herself upon him in disguise as the genuine Harlequin, and excites his jealous and other passions. However, in the end a mutual reconciliation follows, but not until poor Harlequin has paid dearly for his frolic. The music is light and sparkling, and is extremely well sung by both Mr. Lyall and Miss Constance Loseby; and the opéra is prettily put upon the stage, and will no doubt sustain the favourable impression it created on Monday evening. The following piece, was an adaptation of the "Escamoteur," entitled, "On the Cards," written by Alfred Thompson, a gentleman well known as the artist and part editor of the "Mask."

The first scene of "On the Cards" is laid in the drawing-room of Sir Gilbert Ethelwald's house at Wimbledon, where Adolphe Chavillard (Mr. Alfred Wigan), professor of legerdemain, is about to give a grand rehearsal of his performance, Sir Gilbert (Mr. Maclean), Mrs. Cureton (Miss Litton), and Sir Gilbert's private secretary and near relation, Guy Chilton (Mr. Teesdale), being present. Guy Chilton has hitherto been an ardent suitor for the hand of Sir Gilbert's daughter Florence (Miss Madge Robertson), who alone stands between him and the inheritance of her father's fortune, but without success, as Florence's heart is given to her cousin, Arnold de Bey (Mr. Stuart). The rehearsal takes place and greatly to the discomfiture of Guy Chilton, who learns from remarks let fall by the conjuror, that he knows more about his nefarious design than is pleasant. Arnold, on his return from Paris enters just after the termination of the performance, and after he mutual greetings have passed he solicits the hand of Florence in marriage, and then learns from her parent the secret of her birth—that she is not his own but his adopted child, whose mother was succoured and nursed by Lady Ethelwald at the time of the birth of her own daughter, who only lived a few weeks. The grief occasioned by his death brought on an attack of brain fever, but the child of the dying outcast being substituted in the place of the dead infant, and being ever afterwards considered by Lady Ethelwald as her own daughter, his lady was never made aware of the real parentage of the child by Sir Gilbert, who, its mother having died, alone knew its origin. The real name of Sir Gilbert's presumed daughter was Susan Marjolaine, and her father, a foreigner named Charles Marjolaine being still living. Sir Gilbert lived in constant fear lest he should some day turn up and claim his daughter. Guy Chilton overhears the conversation between Arnold and Sir Gilbert, and, notifying the facts, speedily concocts a plan to obtain by nefarious means what he could not by fairness, the dissipation of Florence's claims as heiress to Sir Gilbert. In furtherance of these designs he bribes the French conjuror, Adolphe Chavillard, with a cheque, given him by Sir Gilbert for the purchase of fruit and flowers at Covent-garden to celebrate Florence's birthday, and which he alters from fifty to one hundred and fifty pounds, to enact the part of the reputed father of Florence, Charles Marjolaine, and to claim her as his daughter and bear her away. The mountebank's cupidity is excited, and he accepts the offer, and appears to Sir Gilbert and demands his child, Susan Marjolaine. This brings the first act to a conclusion. The scene of the second act is laid in a small furnished apartment off the Strand, where we find Adolphe and his reputed daughter living together. Guy Chilton is still very active in his attentions to Susan (once Florence), and represents falsely that all her family that was have proved faithless to her, and that he was her only true friend. However, through the medium of Sprightly, a boy whom Adolphe has adopted, his base designs are made known to Susan, and a box is sent by her old lover Arnold containing some papers belonging to her mother—Susan Marjolaine. Adolphe bears that the secret will out upon the perusal of these documents, but upon reading them he is wonderstruck at finding that this Susan Marjolaine was his own wife whom eighteen years previously he had deserted, and consequently Susan is, in reality, his daughter, and his delight knows no bounds as he finds himself, through his daughter, once more united to his departed wife. Guy once more comes upon the scene, intending to carry away Susan by force, and upon being confronted by Adolphe threatens him with the exposure of the fraud he has fixed upon him—the falsification of the cheque. However, Adolphe is beforehand with him, and contrives to get Susan away, while he detains Guy prisoner, and escapes by the window, whence Guy dare not follow him. The third act is at an inn at Dover, where, on the escape of the fugitives, Susan has been taken ill on her journey to France, and here detained. Either they are pursued by Guy, who seeks, by intimidating Adolphe, to gain his ends. This, however, is frustrated by the timely appearance of Sir Gilbert and Arnold, and Guy's fraudulent and base designs are exposed, and the denouement follows, in which Arnold and Susan are happily united. Such is the plot of "On the Cards." The acting was excellent, and all the principal actors, as well as the author, were called before the curtain at the conclusion.

THE San Benedetti theatre at Venice is to become the Rossini in honour of the great master, who had composed for it the "Italiana in Algeri" and "Edouardo e Cristina."

MDLLE. CECILE MEYERBEER, second daughter of the deceased composer, has just been affianced to Baron Adrian Walburg, a member of the Archaeological Institute of Vienna.

A MUSICAL novelty in the shape of a "piano and organ key-warmer" has just been patented; its object is to keep the key of the instrument and the surrounding atmosphere warm for the fingers of the performer.

M. GOUNOD, before leaving for Rome, sent to M. Emile Perrine, of this Grand Opéra, not only a new air for Faure, as Mephistopheles, but also the entire score of a ballet inspired by the "Faust" of Goethe.

MDLLE. ERIKA-LEE, the Swedish pianist patronised last season by the Princess of Wales, is now in Paris, and promises to become one of the best lady pianists of her time. She is a pupil of Taubert.

THE following pantomimes are before the public:—At Drury Lane, "Grimaldine the Great;" at Covent Garden, "Harlequin Robinson, Crusoe;" or, "Friday and the Fairies;" and at the Lyceum, "Dumpty and Dame Trot and her Cat."

A FUNERAL service in honour of Rossini has been celebrated in St. John's Cathedral, at Warsaw. The church was hung with black draperies, bearing the cypher of the deceased. All that was artistic and distinguished in the ancient capital of Poland was present at the ceremony.

MDLLE. JERVIS, whose precocious talents some years ago on the pianoforte attracted considerable attention, is likely to make

her debut as a vocalist next season. Mdlle. Krebs, also known in London for her talents as pianist is said to be studying to become a vocalist.

THE Scandinavian composer, Ager Hammerick, a fellow-countryman of Mdlle. Nilsson, has finished a five-act opera, dedicated to the Northern nations, and entitled "Hjalmar and Ingeborg." Reliable authorities state, after hearing this piece, that it is marked with inspiration, is wonderfully fresh, and characteristic of the Northern spirit of melody.

REPORT speaks highly of a prima donna, new to this country, who lately appeared at the Crystal Palace—Mdlle. Sternberg. This young lady, it is said, possesses a superb voice, and her execution is most brilliant. She is also credited with histrionic talent of a high order; and lastly, but not least, has a very prepossessing personal appearance. In grand opera she sang at the Teatro San Felice, at Genoa, for one season.

MME. ADELINA PATTI's representations at the Italian Opera House in Paris have been interrupted by a severe cold. Her departure for St. Petersburg was fixed for the 20th inst., via Brussels, where she will perform thrice, and then go on to the Russian capital, where Pauline Lucca has been the star, Mdlle. Volpini and Mme. Frizzi being the other prime donne. Miss Minnie Hauck and Mdlle. Murska are to try and console the Parisians for Patti's absence of about two months in Russia.

A ST. PETERSBURG letter says:—The "Belle Helene," with Mdlle. Liadot in the chief part, continues to form a great attraction here, and to obtain a box, application must be made several weeks beforehand. A translation of "Barbe Bleue" is said to be in preparation for the winter. The "Chateau a Toto" has just been played for the first time for the benefit of Deveris; but this performance must not be taken into account, in consequence of the indisposition of the beneficiary, who played Toto. Mdlle. Lucca and Graziani are also ill, and in their absence the first representation, at the Italian Opera was far from brilliant.

AN ACTRESS AND A PRINCESS.—Mdlle. Luzgel, the pretty French actress, was recently married to Prince Tolstoi, one of the wealthiest young noblemen of St. Petersburg. The Prince "popped the question" in a somewhat unusual manner. There was a fair at the St. Petersburg French theatre, for the benefit of the French Hospital. Mdlle. Luzgel presided at one of the stands at the fair, and Prince Tolstoi banteringly asked her how much she would take for a kiss. She glanced at him rather sternly, and replied that she would not kiss any man but her betrothed. The Prince passed on, but returned to Mdlle. Luzgel's stand a quarter of an hour afterward, and said rather thoughtfully to the young actress, "Will you permit me to ask you another question, Mademoiselle?" "With pleasure, sir," "Have you a betrothed?" She smiled him a moment in surprise, and then said, with a blush and smile, "No, sir." "Would you like to have one?" "That depends on circumstances," she said, laughing. "Well, then, would you take me?" So saying he handed her his card. She was greatly astonished, and finally stammered out she would give an answer next day. On the following morning he called at her house, the reply was in the affirmative, and to-day Mademoiselle Luzgel is a princess and a happy wife.

DOLOROUS CHRISTMAS SERIALS.

FATIGUED beyond endurance by the professedly humorous publications, which are issued every Wednesday and Saturday from all the corners of the kingdom, an ingenious philanthropist has determined to invent a totally new description of Christmas serials, of which the incipient numbers will appear on Christmas eve.

In the place, for example, of certain "comic" papers, which, for charity's sake, shall here be nameless, we are to be favoured with a bi-monthly course of isochrymal periodicals, entitled the "Tear," the "Groan," the "Sigh," and "Recent Bereavement." It is considered that the normal attempts at making people merry, which inundate the weekly hilarious market, have degenerated into such a bathos of appalling twaddle, that the innocent expectation of being made to laugh is continually mocked by poignant disappointment and acute disgust; so that really it will be far more wise and philosophical to enjoy one's pennyworth of misery, than one's pennyworth of wit; to make a merit of one's affliction instead of a scourge of one's amusement.

The following will be the characteristics of the proposed serials:

The *Tear* will be devoted to subjects of domestic pathos, and will strive to moisten the eye by pictures of family woe, and to apply the pocket-handkerchief of consolation to the bubbling sorrows of the nose.

The *Groan* will be an illuminated record of splintered limbs and shivered carcasses, with the motto "*Dujesta Membra*," printed in red ink, and a frontispiece descriptive of the human body when just being blown into the air by gunpowder.

The *Sigh* will treat of driven hearts and broken vows, of blighted hopes and hectic disappointment; while, at least one column will be devoted every week to scientific calculations, as to how many pangs might bruise a stricken heart, and how many bruises might ultimately eventuate in a "break;" together with prescriptive remedies for healing hearts when broken, and extraordinary examples of hearts that have been known to heal (by the mere recuperative force of nature) without the application from without of any scientific remedies whatever.

Recent Bereavement will be printed in white letters on jet black paper, and will be issued always in the middle of the night, and delivered by a mute, with a nodding plume attached to the top of his hat.

The advantages proposed to the general public by this (perhaps) original kind of "humour," must be obvious to every thoughtful mind accustomed to peruse the columns of the sportive press. There will be no expectation in the reader of being made to laugh, and consequently no disappointment at being made to cry. There will be the absence of all suspicion of being swindled in the purchase of wretched pretences at "spontaneous" wit, and therefore the preservation of self-respect, from the conviction of not having been taken in. Whatever depression of the animal spirits may be experienced in the perusal of the tale of woe, it is manifest that there can at least be no reaction that will not be a decided change for the better; while the absolute certainty of being rendered miserable, for just the passing moment, will be infinitely preferable to that vague and suffering sense of indecision, which now accompanies the reading of a "comic paper;" and which is parallel to the sort of sensation one might expect to experience from a supper-party in a mourning coach, or the tears of recent bereavement wiped by the play-bill of a theatre.—*Manchester Free Lance.*

TEA-MAKING—There is a popular notion, which is an incorrect one, that soft water is best for tea-making. As a matter of fact our London water, which has about five degrees of hardness when boiled, makes the best flavoured tea, provided that it be allowed to stand upon the tea sufficiently long. Boiling tea is one of the follies of which the officials in workhouses and other large establishments are guilty. This makes a deep-coloured solution, containing the worthless bitter extractive matter, which is devoid of physiological or dietetic property. In point of strength, it is found experimentally that infusions of tea and coffee are strong enough when about two and a half teaspoonfuls of tea, or two ounces of freshly-roasted coffee, are infused into a pint of boiling water. From some inquiries which Dr. Edward Smith made into the relative average weights of a spoonful of different kinds of tea, it is to be inferred that the quantity of black tea used as compared with that of green, is as three to two.—*Chemical News.*

FOREIGN AND GENERAL.

FRANCE.

ONE of the surest indications of winter, as well as one of the sights of Paris, is the seller of roasted chestnuts, who squats in a corner of a street or in a niche of a wine-shop. It is curious that the members of this "guild," numbering near 12,000, are all natives of Switzerland, and nearly all belonging to one canton, that of Tesparatus, on the Italian frontiers. The chestnuts come principally from the South of France, also from Fontainebleau, Marley, &c.

The funeral expenses of M. Félicien Mallefille have been paid by the Minister of the Maison de l'Empereur, who granted to the widow of the deceased dramatist a pension of 1,200 francs.

ITALY.

THE Naples journals announce that Prince Humbert and the Princess Margherita gave a grand *soirée* and theatrical performance recently at the palace to the principal inhabitants of that city. The Gregoir company of actors performed the "Belle Helene" with great success.

ROME.

A LETTER from Rome says that Francis II. of Naples has been laid up for the last fortnight with a fever, which occasions serious uneasiness in the Farnese Palace; nobody but the Queen, the King's physician, and an old servant being admitted to the sick chamber. The exact nature of the malady is not known, but there are reasons for supposing that it is of a typhoid character.

AMERICA.

THE *Macon Telegraph* states that Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe—who is now living in Florida—has experienced a complete change of mind with regard to the negro; that she has now an unconquerable dislike for Sambo and Dinah; and that she says she desires to live long enough to write a book to correct the mistakes in "Uncle Tom's Cabin," and show that a great blunder was made when slavery was abolished. "Very like a whale."

In California cattle live upon green pasture in winter and upon dry fodder in summer. Dairy farming is confined almost exclusively to the mountainous regions north of San Francisco. There is a single establishment which is said to employ two hundred men, and to keep two thousand cows.

Not long ago, while an old building in this city, New York, was being taken down, the workmen discovered in an old rat's nest a roll of bills amounting to two hundred and fifty dollars. Eight years ago one of the occupants of the house lost the money, and a young clerk boarding there was suspected of the robbery, and, on being arrested, was convicted of the crime and sent to prison, with character ruined and bereft of friends. He gave way to dissipation, and eventually died on Blackwell's Island. This sad story conveys its own moral.

A good story is told of a bright Chicago woman. Her husband owned a span of horses, and during his absence, one time, she speculated a little by "exchanging" the steeds for a tract of five acres of flat prairie land south of the city. That was two years ago, and the other day she was offered twenty thousand dollars for the land.

From Boston exchanges we learn that the American gros grain black silk, which is manufactured in Hartford, Connecticut, has become so popular that the demand greatly exceeds the supply. It appears also that an eminent silk establishment in Lyons, France, with which the Boston firm who have contracted for the sale of the American silks have hitherto had dealings, has examined samples of the silk, and warmly commends its construction and fabric. Moreover, the Lyons house frankly says that its own business will be much diminished in consequence of the introduction of this article. This success is an indication of what American industry may accomplish in the future.

Mormonism is trying a strange expedient for excluding Gentile light and consequent perversion. This is nothing less ambitious than the invention of a new alphabet. There have recently been delivered at Salt Lake city 10,000 copies of certain schoolbooks printed in the new language.

AUSTRALIA.

MR. DILKE gives a melancholy picture in his recent work on "Great Britain," of the results of the efforts of the Australian colonies to obtain a supply of marriageable women by importing girls from Irish workhouses. He says those who have been thus introduced have been incurably dissolute and utterly unfit to become the mothers of families. In former years certainly Mrs. Caroline Chisholm opened an institution in Sydney, into which female immigrants were received as they landed, and from which they passed into the interior as domestic servants, with a prospect of almost immediate marriage. It is said that the number of girls for whom this lady thus provided a home and support was about eleven thousand. On her return to England she founded "The Family Colonization Society," the object of which was to send young women out to Australia under the protection of respectable married couples, and the scheme certainly worked very well for some time. There were very few complaints of the characters of Mrs. Chisholm's proteges. The present state of things is certainly most deplorable.

SPANISH REVOLUTION.

Advices from Spain state that the municipal elections, with one or two unimportant exceptions, have taken place quietly throughout the kingdom, and nearly all the candidates returned are monarchial and constitutional principles.

MADRID, Dec. 18.

THE experiment of universal suffrage is being this day tried throughout Spain, as this is the day appointed by the Provisional Government for the election of "ayuntamientos"—answering to our common councilmen.

The papers are full of recommendations of the various candidates, and of exhortations to order and solemnity in the act of using the electoral right for the first time. In Madrid, up to the hour at which I write, the greatest possible harmony has prevailed.

From Cadiz we learn all is quiet. The troops entered on Sunday amidst acclamations. Most of the leaders of the insurrection have made their escape, principally to Gibraltar. Some, however, have not been so fortunate, amongst whom is Salaschea, the chief of all. He and others have been committed to prison, and are to be tried by a military commission. It is not supposed this commission is anything but a matter of form, and it is believed the Provisional Government will cause all to be released.

Don Amable Escalante, who on the 29th September assumed the command of the citizen soldiers at Madrid, and whose presence here was evidently a difficulty to the Provisional Government so great as to induce them to find him an office at Bejar, has received an invitation from the republican party of that town to offer himself for the Cortes. He has replied in the affirmative, saying the same honour had already been offered to him by other places, on condition that he would vote for a monarchy, but he had refused, being determined to work for the Republic, and for that only.

The Bank of Spain is not in a sound state. With a view to ease the minds of holders of its notes the papers announce that before the end of this month it will receive eighty millions of reales (£800,000) in gold bars, which will be immediately coined for circulation. Meantime its notes are at a discount.

ELECTION OF MINISTERS.

THE new Ministers were re-elected in each case without opposition.

In returning thanks for his election at Greenwich, the Premier dealt with several leading topics of the day. After a brief glance at the results of the appeal to the country, and having expressed his gratitude to the constituency for returning him whilst engaged in an arduous political struggle in Lancashire, the right hon. gentleman spoke of the subjects requiring the attention of Parliament. With respect to reform, there were two subjects which could not be overlooked. First, the acts of intimidation which had characterised many of the recent contests had led him to the belief that whether by open voting or whatsoever means, the liberty of the elector must be secured. Secondly, it would be the duty of the Liberal Government forthwith to remedy the grievances inflicted by the ratepaying clauses of the Reform Act. Mr. Gladstone then passed on to speak of education, the relations between capital and labour, and the public expenditure, and while cautioning his hearers not to expect that any administration could at once deal with every great public question, he prepared his hearers for an immediate reduction in the estimates. Taking the Irish church last, he criticised the manner in which his policy had been met by his opponents, and repudiated the idea that there was any analogy whatever between the position of the Established Church in England and that of the State Church in Ireland, which had been condemned by the voice of the people in the three kingdoms.

At the University of London, Mr. Lowe, the new Chancellor of the Exchequer, briefly thanked the constituency for his re-election, and in the few observations which he made the right honourable gentleman avoided any pointed reference to any public question.

Mr. Childers, the First Lord of the Admiralty, devoted his speech to naval affairs and the Irish Church. He briefly alluded to the reforms which were necessary for the proper working of his department, and which he intended to carry out. On the great question of the day, on which the national verdict had just been taken, he expressed himself in favour of a just, moderate, and conciliatory policy.

At Birmingham, Mr. Bright entered fully into the reasons for his taking office, and explained why he had preferred the Board of Trade to the India-office. In speaking of the Irish Church, he maintained that the time for earnest and determined action had come. He rejoiced that the ballot had made so many converts, and declared that no Government would deserve the confidence of the people unless it could carry on the affairs of the country at a smaller expenditure than seventy millions a year.

Mr. Goschen, as the President of the Poor-law Board, hoped and believed that great improvements, both legislative and administrative, were possible in the department over which he had been called upon to preside.

Mr. Layard, after expressing a hope that there would be a reduction in the national expenditure, spoke at some length on the Eastern question, and characterised Lord Stanley's speech at Lynn, in the middle of November, as one of the causes of the disturbed relations between Turkey and Greece.

The other Ministers re-elected were Mr. Forster, the Vice-President of the Council, at Bradford; Mr. Stansfeld, the Third Lord of the Treasury, at Halifax; Lord John Hay, one of the Lords of the Admiralty, at Ripon; and Captain the Hon. J. C. Vivian, the new War Lord of the Treasury, at Truro.

The law officers of the crown were re-elected at Plymouth and Exeter respectively. The Attorney-General, in dealing with the Irish church, took occasion to speak of Mr. Gladstone's majority as a compact as well as a large one, and pointed out that the magnitude of the issues involved would be sufficient to make this question occupy most of the occasion. The Solicitor-General expressed a hope that the constituencies, in their anxiety to see the Irish Church controversy set at rest, would not lose sight of the importance of land tenure, the ballot, and the education of the people.

CHRISTMAS EVE.

THE heavens were bright with many a star,
The snowy flocks were sleeping;
The moon upon her "silver car,"
Was her nightly vigil keeping,—
And sleepless were the shepherds' eyes,
Uprun'd unto the spangled skies,
Where heav'n-aspiring thought from this world's darkness flies!

The hour was come,—that shepherd band,
Were destin'd from all time,
To witness the Almighty hand
Dispense the gift divine:
The hour was come,—the silence broke,
The voice of many a seraph spoke,
And from our fall'n race, fell off the oppressor's yoke.

The purple canopy above,
One brilliant arch became,
The beams of heaven's o'erpowering love,
Shot thro' earth's wondering frame,
Eclips'd by that "excess of light,"
The stars did pale their lustre bright,
And the wan shepherds there, did veil their dazzled sight!

For forms ethereal float around,
From heav'n their strain began,
And melody was in that sound,
That told the wondrous plan:
Angelic forms are swift careering,
Where parted clouds an arch for them is rearing,
For heaven's all radiant host, on this cold earth appearing.

Bursting from lips that from the throne
Of unapproach'd light were sent,
With grace seraphic o'er them thrown,
And eyes, on mercy's errand bent,
"Glory to God" began that legion fair,
"Goodwill to man" the message they would bear,
Unto the prostrate ones, so humbly bending there!

"Fear not," that voice of music said,
"For unto you is born,
'E'en in a manger's narrow bed,
Upon this breaking morn,
A Saviour—Christ,—then speed your way, arise,
For His own star shall guide you where He lies,
And with unwavering beam illumine the Eastern skies!"

Moment—from ages long foretold,—
Abyss of mercy vast,
Angels, the wonder have unroll'd,
And the star shone at last:—
Star—that upon the Prophet's vision shone,
Star of the Morn'g! thou and thou alone,
Proclaim'd that on this earth abode the Almighty One!

THE St. James's will be opened to-night by Mdlle. Laferte with a new and original comedy by Mr. Albert à-Beckett, and a revival of Mr. Planche's "Sleeping Beauty."

Mrs. H. WARD BEECHER intends to publish a magazine which will bear the title "Mothers at Home." It will print the contributions of a large number of female reformers—mothers who are never at home.

LITERATURE, SCIENCE & ART.

"The Young Englishwoman." London: Ward, Lock, and Tyler. TASTEFUL and excellent as usual.

"Cast Ashore" on Christmas Eve. By the author of "The Registered Letter." London: Newsagents' Publishing Company, Fleet-street.

A DELIGHTFUL little volume of Christmas stories.

"Beeton's Great Book of Poetry." London: Ward, Lock, and Tyler.

VERY good indeed. There is, however, as much prose as poetry in it, so that the name is somewhat of a misnomer. The poetry is mainly from Shakespeare.

"Beeton's Dictionary of Geography." London: Ward, Lock, and Tyler.

THE last part published of this admirable series is the very best, especially in the number and quality of the pictorial illustrations.

Beeton's Book of "Household Management." London: Ward, Lock, and Tyler.

THIS work is to be completed in twelve parts, the tenth is now before us. It is richly illustrated, and is admirably suited to Christmas times.

"The Evidence of the Advertiser." "Grocer, and Oil Trade Review." Office: Monument-yard.

A FLASHY volume got up in imitation of the Christmas annuals, and with no other intent than to enlighten the world as to the great advantage of advertising in *The Grocer*.

"Bow Bells Almanack." London: John Dicks, 313, Strand.

THE very best almanack of the season. Richly and variously illustrated, excellent type and paper, accurate calendar, and containing upwards of sixty pages of most instructive, amusing, and delightful original composition.

"Christ is Coming." London: Heywood and Company, Strand.

TO be published in six parts, three of which are already issued. The fourth and fifth to come out next September. The sixth to be published in September, 1874, before which time the authors believe that Christ will revisit the earth, and reign personally as the Son of David at Jerusalem.

"Every Day Painted Picture, Play and Scrap Book." London: Dean and Son, Ludgate-hill.

A BOOK for young people, and a wonderful one. Probably no volume ever published for the young possessed such a marvellous variety of rich coloured illustrations. Whoever wishes these Christmas times to give his children and young friends abounding pleasure, cannot do better than call at Dean's, Ludgate-hill, and order the "Every Day Painted Picture Scrap Book."

Beeton's "Boys' Own Magazine." London: Ward, Lock, and Tyler.

VERY good as usual. There is a paper entitled "The World's Explorers," the object of which appears to be to create a prejudice in favour of the cruel tyrant, and atrocious persecutor of the oppressed and plundered negroes of Jamaica, Governor Eyre. So long as humanity lives in the heart of nations, the government of Mr. Eyre, and the deeds done in connection with the death of Mr. Gordon, will be remembered with shame and horror.

"The Stepping Stone to Architecture." By T. Mitchell. London: Longmans, Green, and Co.

THIS is a very useful and beautiful little volume eminently adapted for elementary instruction in Architecture. The illustrations are very elegant, and very varied. They consist of engravings which are representations of almost every architectural form. The author has adopted the catechetical form for communicating the instructions he has so opportunely offered to the public; so that the Stepping Stone may be properly called *A Catechism of Architecture*. It is chiefly designed for the young, and will delight all young persons possessing a liberal education.

"Little Plays for Little Actors." By Miss Corner and J. V. Barrett. London: Dean and Son, Ludgate-hill.

BEAUTIFULLY got up, tastefully illustrated and well written. The subject of one of the volumes of the present issue is "The Children in the Wood," and the arrangements to enable "the Little Actors" to act this "Little Play," are facile and pretty.

The subject of the other is "Whittington and his Cat," by Miss Corner and Alfred Crowquill, and is a still more entertaining little drama than the "Children in the Wood." Both are written in verse very simple, but free from the twaddle by which books for children are so often defaced.

THE late Emperor Maximilian's library, containing a rare collection of ancient manuscripts and scientific works, will be sold at Leipzig. The catalogue has just been published.

A NEW journal, specially devoted to architecture, has been recently started in Philadelphia. It is called the *Architectural Review and Builder's Journal*, and is probably the only periodical in the United States devoted to this subject. It promises to be valuable not only to professional builders, but also to private individuals who are interested in the comfort or elegance of houses.

FRUIT is very good and healthy food. But it should not be crowded into the stomach when the appetite has been wholly sated with other food, nor should it be swallowed at all hours of the day any more than other articles of diet. Fresh, ripe fruit, taken at proper times, in suitable quantities, is seldom if ever injurious. Otherwise eaten, it becomes a fruitful source of disease.

MISS FAITHFUL's lecture at the Hanover-square Rooms on the Claims of Woman, brought together a large and fashionable audience of both sexes, though chiefly of ladies. Miss Faithfull dispensed with the services of a chairman, and avoiding any tedious introduction or preamble, dashed con amore into her theme. Without any formal division of topics, the discourse resolved into a consideration of the question in its practical, social, political, and moral aspects. After urging the importance of women of all grades being taught a business or pursuit of some kind, by which they might render themselves independent, the lecturer combated a frequent objection by denying that their general employment would have the effect of discouraging marriage or of interfering in any manner with their arrival at that state.

A WORK has recently been published by M. Emile Andreoli, who took part in the last Polish insurrection, and on his capture by the Russians was sentenced to twelve years' imprisonment in Siberia. He says that on some occasions an electric battery has been used by the Russian police, to compel prisoners to answer questions. Even this was not more cruel than the "torture of the herring," which is described by those who have endured it as terrible. Prisoners were confined in a well-warmed apartment, salted herrings with bread and water for the first few days being their only food. If they refused to answer the questions of the examining commissioners the bread was first withdrawn, and then the water; whereupon the torture of intense thirst commenced, depriving the sufferer of all moral strength, and even making him abandon the resolution which he had formed to die. Very rarely did any son remain mute when brought before the commissioners a second time.

THE ANTIQUITY OF THE UMBRELLA.—Umbrellas are an older invention than some writers would have us suppose. Even the usually entertained notion that Jonas Hanway introduced the umbrella into England, in the year 1752, is proved to be false by evidence that can be cited. Ben Jonson refers to it by name in a comedy produced in 1616; and so do Beaumont and Fletcher, in "Rule a Wife and Have a Wife." Swift, in the *Tattler* of October 17, 1710, says, in the "The City Shower":

"The tucked-up seamstress walks with hasty strides,
While streams run down her old umbrella's sides."

The following couplet also occurs in a poem written by Gay in 1712:—

"Housewives underneath the umbrella's oily shed
Safe through the wet in clinking pattens tread."

It is possible that Hanway was the first man seen carrying an umbrella in London. At Persepolis, in Persia, are some sculptures supposed to be as early as the time of Alexander the Great; and on one of these is represented a chief or king, over whose head some servants are holding an umbrella. At Takhti-Bostan are other sculptures, one of which is a king witnessing a boar-hunt, attended by an umbrella-bearer. Recent discoveries at Nineveh show that the umbrella was in use there; it being common to the sculptures, but always represented open. The same is to be seen upon the celebrated Hamilton vases, preserved in the British Museum. In many Chinese drawings ladies are attended by servants holding umbrellas over their heads. Loubere, who went to Siam as an envoy from the King of France, describes the use of umbrellas as being governed by curious regulations. Those umbrellas resembling ours are used principally by the officers of state; while those several tiers in height, as if two or more umbrellas fixed on one stick, are reserved for the king alone. In Ava, a country adjacent to Siam, the king designates himself, among other titles, as "Lord of the Ebbing and Flowing Tide, King of the White Elephant and Lord of the Twenty-four Umbrellas." This last title although ridiculous to us is supposed to relate to twenty-four states or provinces combined under the rule of the king, the umbrella being especially a royal emblem in Ava. The umbrella is also the distinguishing sign of sovereignty in Morocco. The French name, *parapluie*, and the German name, *regenschirm*, express the rain-shielding use of the invention; but we have no name in English equally as consistent, for "umbrella" means simply "a little shade."

THE LADIES' OWN PAPER *versus* TELEGRAPH.—A somewhat lengthy paper, read the other day by Mr. Owen Pike at the Anthropological Society of London, on "The Claims of Women to Political Power," contained some shrewd common sense, which is worth remark at the time when sundry worthy people would self-sufficiently try to run counter to the hints of nature by endeavouring to make women political power-wielders in petticoats. A part of Mr. Pike's paper may be thus summarised:—It was, however, pointed out (and that formed the leading argument of the paper) that, in a state of health, function must correspond with structure; that the functions of motherhood must, of necessity, give a direction to the activity of the female mind different from that of the male; and that any attempt to make woman the competitor of man in the same occupations is, therefore, a hopeless attempt to alter the laws of nature. It was shown also that the differences of functions thus correlated with differences of structure are not the result of iniquitous legislation, but have their analogues throughout the animal creation. It was not, however, maintained that woman is mentally inferior to man. There can be no superiority, inferiority, or equality where there is no common measure. . . . The paper concluded with an emphatic protest against all those doctrines which would, in accordance with a metaphysical assumption of sexual equality, transfer woman from her natural sphere of action to the excitement of political life, and against all those doctrines which would set philosophy above nature. While we are on the subject of the fair sex's claims, it would, we feel, be unjust to our contemporary, the *Daily Telegraph*, to pass by in silence the latest rapturous pean sounded in their praise by that journal. In a yesterday's "Note"—which seems to us somewhat like a mixture of "The Song of Solomon" and every-day printer's ink, eked out with a little bit of a modern French novel—after favouring the world with the information that they, the ladies, "Can shoot, especially with bow and arrow; and it is not the target only that the darlings manage to hit. They can swim; and their re-appearance on land after their 'dip' is over, with their eyes sparkling, and their cheeks rosy, and their back-hair down, has settled many a young man's destiny," our contemporary goes off "high-fallutin'" about a recent ladies' foot race at a fair in Iowa, in this style: "The account says that 'it was a feature of the fair.' No doubt; and are not all 'features of the fair'—eyes, nose, chin, shell-like little ears, and especially dimples—delightful! Echo, quite carried away by enthusiasm, answers, 'They are; indeed they are!' And all this 'sparkling eyes, cheeks rosy, back-hair down, shell-like little ears, and especially dimples' business, for the small sum—as the street showmen say—of one penny!"

YE BOAR'S HEAD.

(Ancient Oxford Music: verses from Wynkyn de Worde.)

SOLO.

The Boar's Head in hand bear I,
Bedecked with bays and rosemary;
And I pray you, my masters, be right merry,
Quot estis in convivio.

CHORUS.

Caput apri defero,
Reddens laudes Domino,
Laudes Domino, laudes Domino,
Domino! Domino!

The Boar's Head, as I understand,
Is the bravest dish in all the land,
And when thus bedecked with a gay garland
Let us all serve cantico.

Caput apri defero, &c.

Our Steward's cheer hath provided this
In honour of the King of bliss,
Which on this day to be served is
In regimena! atrio.

Caput apri defero, &c.

PRESENTIMENTS OF DEATH.—Asked in his thirty-sixth year to write a requiem, Mozart sadly replied, "It will be my own, then;" and he died as soon as he had finished it. "Did I not tell you truly," he said, musing over the score as he lay dying, "that it was for myself I composed this death-chant?" Flechter, the great French divine, dreamt that he was to die, and ordered his tomb. "Begin your work at once," was his final instruction to the sculptor, "for there is no time to lose;" and no sooner was the house of death finished, than its intending tenant entered upon possession. "What is to be the subject of your next design?" asked a merry party of friends of Hogarth. "The End of All Things," was the reply. "In that case," said one jokingly, "there will be an end of the artist." "There will," rejoined Hogarth, with a depth of solemnity that was strange in him. He set about the plate in hot haste, broke up his tools when he had finished it, entitled the print "Finis," and, a short time after its publication, lay stretched in death. "Poor Weston!" exclaimed Foote, as he stood dejectedly contemplating the portrait of a brother actor recently dead, "poor Weston! Soon others shall say, 'Poor Foote!'" In a few days he was borne out to his burial—"Thoughts in the Twilight," in *Cassell's Magazine*.





THE GARDEN:

COROEPSIS tinctoria is an elegant annual, with yellow or orange-coloured star-like flowers, having a dark eye, growing two or three feet on wiry, elegant-branched stems, so thin that at a little distance the flowers are seen without the stems. It may be said to be one of the best annuals. There are several varieties; but a pinch of seed will give us all of them, and the variation is in the colour of the flowers, or the depth of the colour of the eye, or the size. They may be sown in heat to forward them; and, as they are small, delicate plants, must be carefully put out in the borders, three or four in a patch; but they would be, doubtless, better sown in patches for the general bloom. They may also be pricked out five or six in a pot, and kept in the house growing until the middle of May, when the balls of earth might be turned out whole and the plants be undisturbed. When sowed in the open border, it must be in April, and these will come in flower in July, a month after those turned out of pots, or planted out in a forward state. This flower ought, of course, to be planted behind shorter things, about even with sweet peas, branching larkspurs and things of similar growth; and does not make a bad appearance mixed with branching larkspurs, on large borders, for they both show only their flowers. The stems of neither are large enough to interfere with their abundant bloom; and the beautiful blue of the one contrasts well with the orange and yellow, and, indeed, almost black eyes of the other. Carnations, picotees, pinks, and pansies, in frames and boxes want watching; those in small pots must be shut up in bad weather, and wet weather in particular. We do not think a frost would do the mischief that wet would; for dampness is fatal to most things, but certainly when confined in small pots full of roots. They must have no water while they have any moisture in the soil. The pinks and pansies in their blooming pots, and especially the pansies, are kept growing as well as they can be during the winter, for the sake of their early bloom. Pansies intended to be flowered in the pots, and not yet shifted to their blooming pots, should be shifted directly or early in January, and well watered in to settle the earth about the balls of their roots. They should be covered close up for a day or two after this, but all alike should have air, and plenty of it, in mild, dry weather.

Half-hardy things under protection should have air in all fine mild weather, and not be at all moved beyond what is actually necessary. All but frost, by way of temperature, is safe, and even one or two degrees of this is not killing; but too much wet is bad, and, therefore, water should be seldom administered, and rain not allowed at all on them.

Frames and pits should be well cleaned, and swept all over inside with a stiff brush or birch broom to keep them clear of dirt and vermin; for nothing conduces more to the good health of plants than cleanliness and dryness of the ground on which they stand. Three or four good waterings will always carry plants through a winter.

TULIP BEDS.—Let the best beds be covered, at any cost, against frost, so as to prevent even the soil from being frozen, much less the foliage; two or three stakes close to the edge to keep it in, and litter put all over the bed six inches thick, will do this. The stakes round the edge will prevent the wind blowing off the litter; but if the bed is hooped the hoops should be placed across, so that the centre would not be more than a foot above the earth in the middle. These hoops should be about a yard apart, and straight sticks from end to end along the centre and about half way from the centre to the edge. Mats may then be laid over without much difficulty, but it is best to put a net over the hoops permanently, so that there shall be no trouble in throwing over the mats in a hurry, which is frequently required in coming storms at a later period of the spring. As the season advances proper covering to protect the bloom must be provided. A good collection is worth a proper tulip stage, to protect them from rain, hail, and wind; but there are many beginners who must be content with hoops and mats.

A LOUISIANA planter, by adopting the following plan, has raised water-melons without seeds: After the vine is about two feet long, cover it at a point intermediate between the root and the end. After it has taken root where it is covered divide the vine between the old and new root, and the result will be that the melons will be seedless, without impairing their quality.

BENEVOLENCE.

At this season, when joy and charity prevail, and distress abounds, the following from the "Percy Anecdotes" will be instructive and appropriate:—

THE WIDOW AND BISHOP.

A poor widow, encouraged by the famed generosity of an ecclesiastic of great eminence, came into the hall of his palace with her only daughter, a beautiful girl of fifteen years of age. The good divine, discerning marks of extraordinary modesty in their demeanour, engaged the widow to tell her wants freely. She, blushing and in tears, told him that she owed five crowns for rent; which her landlord threatened to force her to pay immediately, unless she would consent to the ruin of her child, who had been educated in virtue; and she entreated that the prelate would interpose his sacred authority, till by industry she might be enabled to pay her cruel oppressor. The bishop, moved with admiration of the woman's virtue, bid her be of courage; he immediately wrote a note, and putting it into the hands of the widow, said, "Go to my steward with this paper, and he will give you five crowns to pay your rent." The poor woman, after a thousand thanks to her generous benefactor, hastened to the steward, who immediately presented her with fifty crowns. This she refused to accept; and the steward, unable to prevail on her to take it, agreed to return with her to his master; who, when informed of the circumstance, said, "It is true I made a mistake in writing fifty crowns, and I will rectify it." On which he wrote another note; and turning to the poor woman whose honesty had a second time brought her before him, said, "So much candour and virtue deserves a recompense: here I have ordered you five hundred crowns; what you can spare of it, lay up as a marriage portion for your daughter."

THE BEGGING NUN.

The late Mrs. General Lascelles, when more celebrated as Miss Catley, the singer, was once entreated to contribute to the relief of a widow, whose husband had left her in a very distressed situation. She gave her a guinea, but desired to know the poor woman's address; and in three days called upon her with near fifty pounds, which she had in the interim collected at a masquerade in the character of a "Beguine" (a begging Nun).

"ACTIVE AND INTELLIGENT."—The City Omnibus Company declare that they have taken up more persons during the last six months than all the police authorities in Manchester put together:—*Manchester Free Lance.*

NO MORE PILLS ON ANY OTHER MEDICINE.—Health by Du Barry's delicious Revalenta Arabica Food, which cures dyspepsia, indigestion, cough, asthma, consumption, debility, constipation, diarrhoea, palpitation, nervous, bilious, liver, and stomach complaints. Cure No. 68,413.—"Rome, July 21, 1866. The health of the Holy Father is excellent, especially since, abandoning all other remedies, he has confined himself entirely to Du Barry's Food, and his holiness cannot praise this excellent food too highly."—*Gazette.* Du Barry and Co., No. 77, Regent-street, London, W. and 121, New North Road, N. In time, at 1s. 1½d.; 1lb., 2s. 9d. 12lbs., 22s.; 24lbs., 40s.—[ADVT.]

* See the New Edition by Berger, 13, Catherine-street, Strand.

LAW AND POLICE.

JUDGES' CHAMBERS.

(Before Mr. Baron MARTIN.)

LIBERATION OF MADAME RACHEL.

THIS case came before his lordship on an application to admit the defendant to bail until the writ of error brought by her in reference to her conviction was heard before the Court of Queen's Bench.

Mr. Gibbons, barrister, appeared in support of the application; and Mr. Lewis, *sen.* (Lewis and Lewis), opposed, and raised several objections.

The bail had been fixed at £1,000, and Mr. Slack, a bootmaker, New Church-street, Edgware-road (who had offered himself as bail for the defendant before the Recorder), attended to justify; as also Mr. Solomon, a picture-dealer in Old Bond-street.

Mr. Lewis submitted that the recognisance of bail could only be taken by a judge of the Court of Queen's Bench. The Chief Justice had fixed the amount, and his lordship now sitting at chambers had no authority to take bail.

Mr. Gibbons said any judge could hear an application for bail.

Mr. W. H. Roberts, the attorney for the defendant, produced the Act of Parliament under which the application was made—the 8th and 9th Vict., cap. 68, "to stay execution of judgment for misdemeanour upon giving bail in error."

Mr. Baron Martin perused the statute. The words were that a recognisance was to be acknowledged before one of the judges of the Court of Queen's Bench "or one of the commissioners appointed to take special bail in actions depending in the superior courts."

Mr. Gibbons said one judge had exercised the powers of the three courts under the Common Law Procedure Act.

His lordship apprehended that he had the power. Certainly a commissioner appointed had, and Mr. Thornton one of the clerks of the Queen's Bench, was a commissioner appointed.

Mr. Thornton was sent for, and he thought that as his lordship was in attendance his functions were in abeyance.

Mr. Baron Martin said Mr. Thornton could take bail. The bail could justify before him and Mr. Thornton could take the recognisances required.

The proposed sureties were sworn to be examined, and an affidavit made by them was handed to the learned judge.

Mr. Lewis objected to the affidavit. His had only been served with a copy of the notice.

His lordship said Mr. Lewis could question the proposed sureties.

Mr. Lewis said Mr. Slack had been rejected by the Recorder when he proposed to give bail in this case.

Mr. Roberts.—He was accepted.

Mr. Lewis.—I say he was rejected.

An affidavit was put in by Mr. Roberts stating that Mr. Slack was accepted and the other one declined.

The proposed bail was questioned, and also the co-surety, Mr. Solomon, as to their property.

Mr. Baron Martin expressed himself satisfied with the proposed bail in £1,000, and Mr. Thornton would take the recognisance.

Mr. Lewis, who had opposed in the early part of the application on the ground that, if the defendant was let out on bail, she would not again appear, said there was another point he wished to mention, and that was as to the terms of the recognisance that they should require the defendant to attend.

Mr. Roberts said the recognisance had been drawn up in the manner suggested by the Crown Office.

Mr. Baron Martin said Mr. Thornton would see that the words of the recognisance were in compliance with the Act of Parliament. The defendant could be liberated on bail. His lordship remarked to Mr. Lewis that if she did not appear she would in effect transport herself for life.

Mr. Lewis remarked that she could go to Paris.

Mr. Roberts denied that there was any intention, as suggested by the other side, not to appear.

Both parties denied that they were indemnified for being bail, and both said they had known the defendant for some years. The next proceeding will be for the defendant to sign a recognisance, and she will then be liberated.

WORSHIP-STREET.

IMPORTANT TO RAILWAY COMPANIES.—Mr. William Mansell, the general manager of the North London Railway, at Broad-street Terminus, was summoned before Mr. Newton to answer a charge of having neglected and refused to issue a workman's ticket within a reasonable time after required to do so.

Messrs. Shaen and Roscoe were for the complainants; Mr. Cooper (from the office of Messrs. Payne and Layton) appearing for the defendant.

At the outset the magistrate's jurisdiction was challenged by the defendant's solicitor, and, after a protracted discussion, Mr. Newton, having read the words of the summons, said that it had been made out wrongly, it was not shown to be a question of tolls, and therefore jurisdiction he had none. He suggested that a fresh summons should be taken out, and worded in conformity with the section of the act under which the present proceedings were taken.

Mr. Cooper consented to have the summons amended, and that being done the case was proceeded with.

The complainant, Henry Marks, stated that he was a compositor in the employ of Messrs. Waterlow and Sons, of London-wall, and that he resided at Churchill-road, Hackney. There was a workman's train advertised to run from Dalston Junction to Broad-street at 7.27 every morning, and travellers by it have the right to return by any train after six o'clock in the evening. Weekly tickets are issued at 1s. On the morning of Thursday, the 3rd instant, about five minutes before the 6.57 train he (complainant) applied at the booking-office of the Dalston Junction for a workman's ticket. The clerk replied that they were only issued now on a Monday morning, having been discontinued for the daily issuing since July last. Complainant then inquired what ticket he could take, and was told "One for the parliamentary," the fare by which was 2d. Complainant took the ticket, and at night to return had to pay another 4d., there not being any parliamentary. He subsequently took out the present summons.

Cross-examined.—Complainant said he did not give his name and address, but was prepared to do so had he been asked for it. He asked for the ticket there and then.

Mr. Cooper then said that was one objection he took, that complainant had not furnished his name and address.

Mr. Newton overruled that objection, saying that it was for the company to take the initiative in that respect.

Mr. Cooper then said another objection he took was that by their notice all persons requiring workmen's tickets were bound to apply a reasonable time beforehand, so as to allow of inquiries being made as to their position; that had not been done, inasmuch as complainant wanted the ticket supplied upon his application.

Mr. Newton thought the objection good, and, therefore, the present summons must drop, but another might be taken out, unless the complainant thought it would benefit him more by laying the case before the Board of Trade.

MARLBOROUGH-STREET.

THE WORKSHOPS REGULATION ACT.—Mr. Fréchet, carrying on business under the name of Madame Louise, in New Bond-

street, dressmaker, was summoned before Mr. Tyrwhitt, by the medical officers of health for St. George's, for working his female assistants at illegal hours.

Dr. Aldis, medical officer of St. George, Hanover-square, visited the establishment of the defendant after four o'clock on Saturday, the 12th of December, and found several young women at work, who continued to work until seven o'clock, the act stating that the hour for closing work shall be four o'clock on Saturdays. The workwomen were only allowed from a quarter of an hour to twenty minutes for dinner, instead of an hour. This was not the first offence, he having visited the defendant's house in May last, and found eight young females working on Saturday night after eight o'clock.

The defendant pleaded guilty.

Mr. Tyrwhitt said an infringement of the act had occurred, for which the defendant would have to pay a fine of 10s. and 8s. costs.

THE POLICE AND REFRESHMENT-HOUSE-KEEPERS.—Guiseppe Marini, keeper of an ice and ginger beer shop in Piccadilly, was summoned for keeping his house open for the sale of refreshments, after prohibited hours.

Inspector Pay and Sergeant Lindsay, C division, proved that they visited the house of the defendant at 20 minutes past one o'clock, and found eight women and seven men being served with refreshments, for which they paid.

Mr. Tyrwhitt considered this was a case for conviction, and fined the defendant 40s. and costs.

Thomas Cook, billiard-room keeper, Regent-street, was summoned for allowing excisable liquors to be consumed in the billiard-room.

Mr. Froggatt appeared for the defendant.

Inspector Pay saw two gentlemen go into the defendant's house, and after waiting until half-past one o'clock he obtained admission, and on going into the billiard-room he found nine pewter pots and eight glasses, one containing seltzer and brandy. After two o'clock he saw eleven persons leave the house. He called the defendant's attention to the circumstance, stating that defendant allowed persons to play at all hours of the night. The defendant replied that no refreshments had been brought into the house after one o'clock.

In reply to Mr. Froggatt, the Inspector said no obstruction was offered to his entering the house, which had been established 30 years.

Mr. Froggatt would not deny that an infringement of the act had taken place, but as the defendant had carried on business for 30 years without complaint, he thought it was a case for a small fine.

Mr. Tyrwhitt fined the defendant 10s. and 2s. costs.

A second summons against the defendant was dismissed.

THE CRUELTY TO AN INFANT.—At the Old Bailey, Emma Watson, who had been found guilty of doing grievous bodily harm to her infant child, by placing coals over it, was brought up and sentenced to eighteen months' imprisonment.

A WOMAN named Sarah Macintosh has been sentenced to a year's hard labour. She was indicted for two offences—obtaining 3s. and two loaves of bread from Shoreditch parish by false pretences, and attempting to kill herself by taking oxalic acid. She got six months for each offence.

A CLAIM for compensation, arising out of the Abergele catastrophe, was heard at the Manchester assizes. The action was brought on behalf of the three children of a merchant of Blackburn who had lost his life through the accident, and whose profits were estimated at the rate of £1,200 a year. The jury returned a verdict for £1,350. It is to be hoped that such verdicts will warn railway authorities.

A MONTH FOR KILLING A WIFE.—George Cutler was indicted at Taunton for the manslaughter of his wife at Wotton, near Bath, on the 18th of November. The prisoner came home at night in a state of intoxication, and was heard to quarrel with his wife. Next day she was found severely injured about the face, and although she rallied for a time, she succumbed on the 2nd inst. to concussion of the brain and apoplexy. The jury found the prisoner "Guilty," with a strong recommendation to mercy, and he was sentenced to a month's hard labour.

MANSLAUGHTER AT MANCHESTER.—At Manchester a serious manslaughter case was tried. The prisoner, Michael Hughes, aged only nineteen, was indicted for the murder of William Conroy, but the charge was reduced to one of manslaughter, and the prisoner was sentenced to twenty years' penal servitude. The case was one, unhappily, of a not unusual character. There was a fight in a public-house, and a knife was drawn by the beaten man, though it was used only after the men had been separated for a few minutes.

CHURCH-RATES.—An application was made to the chancellor of the Bishop of London (Sir Travers Twiss) on Monday, in the Mortlake Church-rate case, to proceed to hearing. It was a suit, "Wigan and Osmanney v. Nelson," to enforce payment of a church-rate. Mr. Croose, proctor for the defendant, said he had hoped, as the law had been altered since the suit was commenced, and that there was now no compulsory payment, that the proceedings would be allowed to drop. Mr. Moore, proctor for the churchwardens of Mortlake, the plaintiffs in the action, asked the chancellor to order the defendant to plead, if he intended, within a fortnight, and Sir Travers Twiss granted the application.

A SINGULAR ACTION was brought in the Court of Exchequer by a Jewish butcher. He complained that after opening a shop in Whitechapel, where he had obtained a considerable business amongst persons of his own persuasion, Dr. Adler, chief rabbi in this country, had not only refused to sanction his selling meat to Jews, but had employed emissaries to warn his customers that what he sold was common and unclean. As a consequence he lost his business. The judge held that there was no evidence to go to the jury, and even had there been any proof of the alleged slanders, he should have ruled the communication to have been privileged.

CONFIDENCE AND VILLANY.—At the Gateshead police-court Durham, Henry Hughes was charged with stealing £23 10s. in gold from Catherine McDonald. It appeared that the girl had come from Ireland about a month ago with £10 to get married to the prisoner. She bought him new clothes, and after living about a week in Gateshead, he forcibly took the remainder of the money from her. She watched for him at the station, and gave him into custody as he was about to leave the town. The bench was greatly harassed in its wish to do justice in the case by the evident reluctance of the girl to proceed further against the prisoner. She even declared that they had been married some years before in Ireland, and therefore the act of the prisoner in taking the money from her would not be stealing. It was ultimately decided by the bench, with the consent of the prisoner, that the stolen money should be given up to the girl (who is going to America), and the prisoner was discharged.

THE right of a son to his father's property was involved in a case which came before the Liverpool stipendiary magistrate on Saturday last. A young man, named Henry Almond, was charged with stealing a quantity of furniture belonging to Mrs. Ann Almond. Mrs. Almond was the second stepmother of the prisoner and the third wife of his father, who died a few days ago. The young man acting under instructions from his solicitors, proceeded on Saturday morning last to the house which his deceased father had occupied and took forcible possession of one-third of the household furniture, and carried it away. The court admitted that the prisoner believed when he took the goods away that he was entitled to them, and that he ought not to have been locked up on a charge of felony; but at the same time he had not removed the property in a legal manner. The prisoner was ordered to be locked up until the goods were sent back to the residence of his late father.

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